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JANUARY 1987

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RAMA'



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3 years upward
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Beach Craft

2-5 years
Friction-powered plane with an engine
that really moves. You'll be a real ace pilot!



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Pull-back action. Up, up, and away!
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3 years upward
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cars. Zip! Zip! Zip! There they go!



Auto Rifle

5-12 years
Win every battle with this big,
powerful gun!



Carry-On Chef

5 years upward
Move your chef carefully. Help him
get more cakes and win!



Come join the Uncle Leo Club!



Get any Leo Toy and you can become a member of the Uncle Leo Club. Hurry! Because you'll get one year's membership free, if yours is one of the first 25,000 applications received!



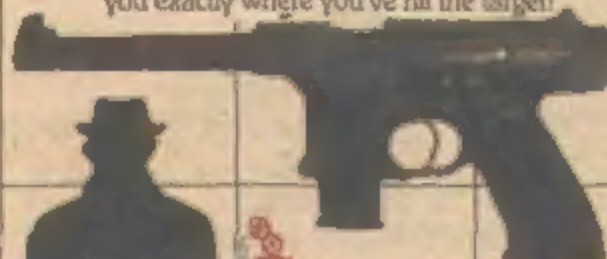
Flying Discs

6 years upward
Send your Flying Disc shooting beyond the moon and stars!



Shoot-Out Gun

5 years upward
Pow! Pow! Super-sticking darts show you exactly where you've hit the target!



Musser Pistol

8 years upward
A realistic model of the famous Musser Pistol!



Auto Pistol

4-10 years
Rapid firing action. Swing it up and shoot! You're a one man army!



Fighter Jet

3 years upward
Pull-back mechanism. Go! Go! Go! Take off for battle!



Mail Van

3-9 years
Write a letter to your friend... then take it yourself in your Mail Van!



Red Eye

7 years upward
Aim carefully... shoot! Congrats - you've got the target!



Martini Porsche

8 years upward
Battery-operated sports car with touch'n'turn action. Wheel! You're the fastest on the road!

Flying Saucer Gun

8 years upward
Shoots tiny flying saucers. Go into space... be a star wars hero!



Slide Ride

4 years upward
Battery-operated roller coaster. Cars go up and down, round and round... real fast!



Chook-Chook Train

8 years upward
Battery-operated train set. All line clear! Here comes the superfast express!



A child's best friend

LINTASLEOP12082

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No. 7

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* THE MYSTERIOUS SOUND AT NIGHT—a legend of India telling us why

the city of Ahmedabad will always have plenty of wealth.

* MAN HAS MANY FACES! *Towards Better English* tells us how the common word *man* had uncommon meanings.

* All this and a bunch of delightful stories and the regular features!



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

माने तपसि शौर्ये वा विज्ञाने विनये नये ।

विस्मयो नहि कर्तव्यो नानारत्ना वसुधरा ॥

Māne tapasi śaurye vā vijñāne vinaye naye

Vismayo nahi kartavyo nānāratnā vasundharā

We need not marvel at the examples of honour, talent, heroism, knowledge or humility, for the world abounds in such gems of excellent examples.

—*Samayachita Padyamalika*

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Controlling Editor:
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CHAKRAPANI

NEW YEAR WISHES : ARE THEY OF WORTH?

Year after year we wish happy New Year to one another. Is this just a meaningless ritual?

Whether it is meaningless or meaningful will depend on our attitude behind our gesture. All said and done, what sustains us are the power of faith, the power of goodwill and love. At every moment of our life, if we are careful, we can feel the truth of this. It is a fact that much of man's words and gestures of goodwill are insincere. But what can stop us from being sincere? If I know that even a falsely uttered word of kindness pleases a person, why should I not really mean what I say?

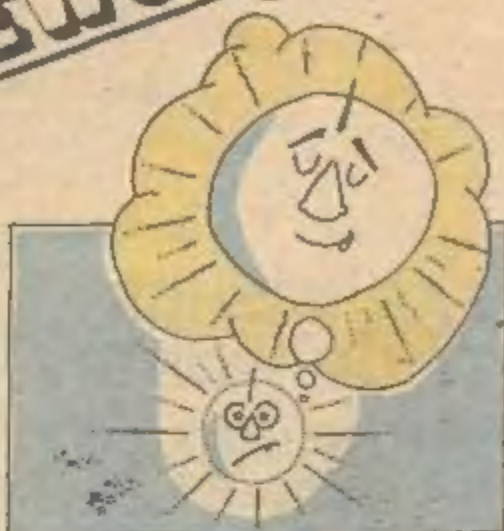
Our New Year wishes, supported by a sincere desire for the good and happiness of others, can really become a force and add to the happiness of mankind. Consequently, it will add to our own happiness.

Thoughts to be treasured

Man is sent into the world to perform his duty even at the cost of his life.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

NEWS FLASH



10 TIMES HOTTER THAN THE SUN

The highest temperature ever recorded in a laboratory—10 times hotter than the centre of the Sun—has been announced.

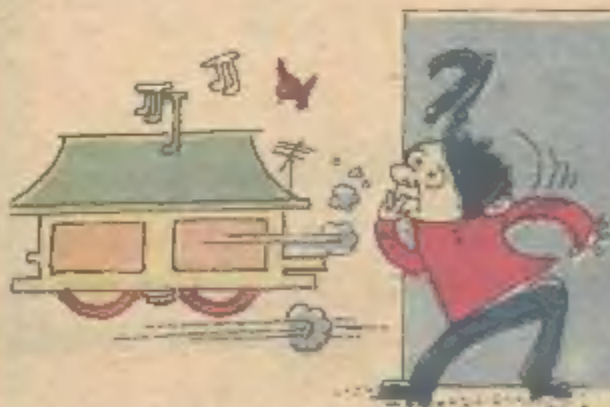
A temperature of 200 million degrees celsius was achieved by fusion scientists and engineers at Princeton, New Jersey, Plasma Physics Laboratory.

REMARKABLE MEMORY

A 26-year-old Chinese telephone operator has memorised 15,000 phone numbers in 10 cities. Miss Gou Yanling showed off her talent by reciting phone numbers upon request from an audience in Beijing. She correctly reeled off numbers in Beijing, Dalian, Harbin, Shanghai, Tianjin and other cities.



HOME-CUM-MOTOR-CYCLE?



A TV, a VCR, a refrigerator and a stereo system mounted on a motor-cycle? Though it sounds incredible, Sundeep Kumar Gupta, a Class XII student of Delhi has assembled these on his motor-cycle stage-by-stage over the past several months.

The motor-cycle has a portable battery operated mini-refrigerator on the side, a stereo cassette deck with built-in speakers on the carrier with mini-speakers in front, a four-inch TV mounted on the fuel tank in addition to lights and a siren. Sundeep had also added a cordless telephone.

Some faces never age with time.



A picture one hundred years old. From the collection of Lala Deen Dayal, Hyderabad.

The memory still lives on vividly.
Thanks to B & W photography.

Thumb through your family photo album.
There are those glorious old photographs
that bring fond memories.

In black and white. Sharp and clear even
after sixty, seventy or eighty years and more.

The choice is quite clear.

When you shoot pictures for keeps,
shoot them on Black and White film.

You'd be glad you did.

Memories may fade with time. Not Black & White pictures.



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DID YOU KNOW?

Over ten million people have the same birthday which is yours!

An earthworm can pull ten times its own weight.



Benjamin Franklin was the youngest son of a youngest son of a youngest son of a youngest son.

The famous actress Sarah Bernhardt played the role of Juliet when she was over seventy and she had a wooden leg!



Sidis, the son of Dr. Bon's Sidis, a Harvard professor, could recite the alphabet at the age of six months. At two years of age, this prodigy could read and write; he matriculated when eleven and lectured on the fourth dimension.

The world's longest beard had been cultivated by Hans Langseth of Norway. He measured seventeen and half feet. The beard is preserved at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.



THE SHORTEST HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Long long ago when very little was known about the world, ■ King desired to know its history. He asked his minister to do the needful within a period of five years.

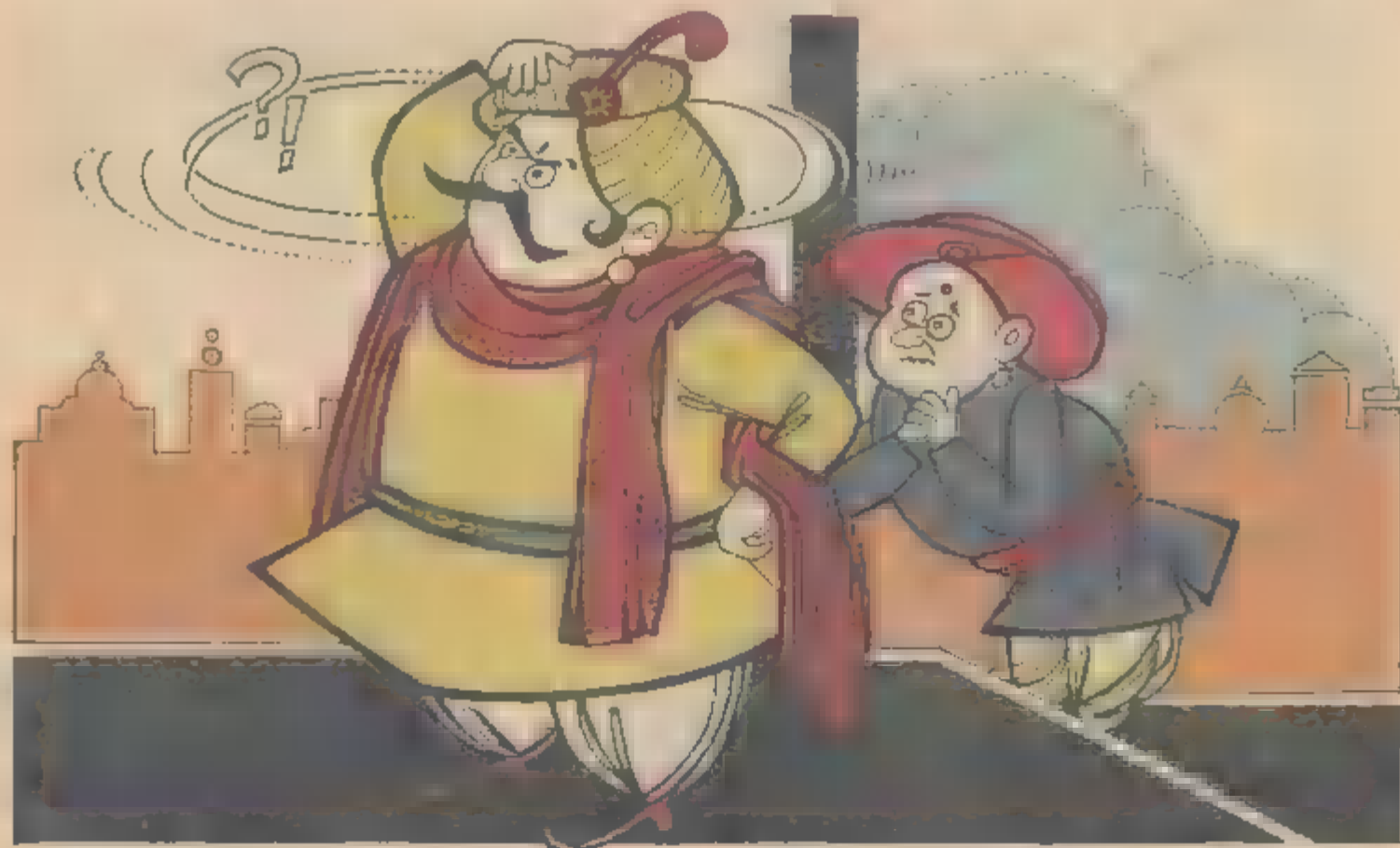
The minister who ■ a learned man invited hundreds of scholars from different parts of the world and assigned them the task of writing the history of their regions.

The able minister looked after the requirements of the scholars and they spent much of

their time in reading and writing. They were quite efficient. So they ■ able to finish their work in time.

One fine morning, the King was surprised to see a long queue of donkeys in front of his palace. Every donkey was burdened with ■ big load, containing ■ dozen or more books. Each book was big enough to pass for ■ pillow. Puzzled, the King sent for his minister.

The minister arrived within minutes, beaming with satisfac-



tion.

"What are all these?" asked the King.

"History of the World, Your Majesty," replied the Minister.

"O Lord, when am I going to finish reading all this? I can't even see where this queue of donkeys end. My God! Even if I live long I devote all my time to only reading. I doubt if I can finish half a dozen donkey-loads of volumes!" said the King in anguish.

The minister was silent, for he knew what the King said was true.

"Oh these scholars!" continued the King, "Are they

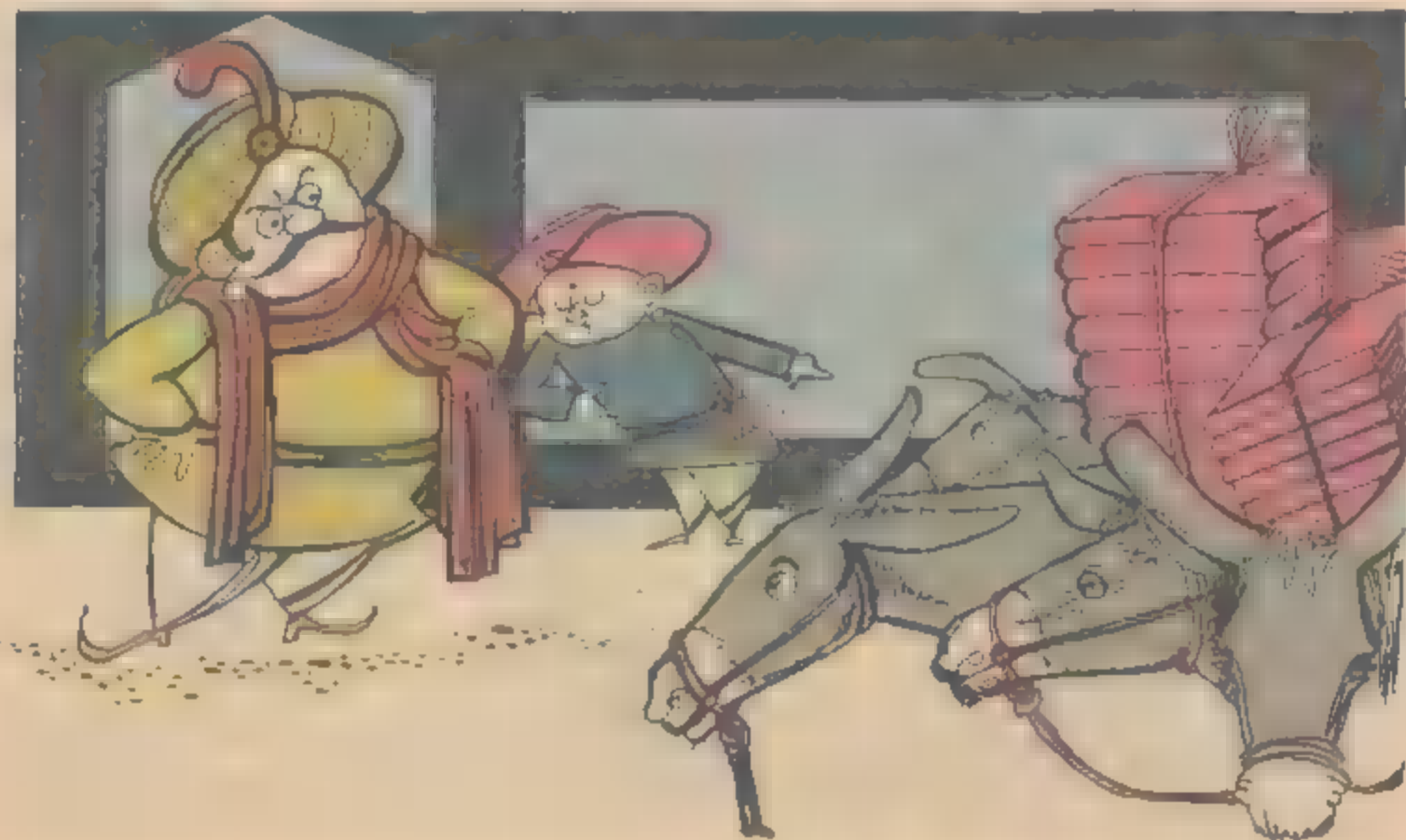
trying to have some fun at my expense? Tell them to write a short history of the world avoiding details. Give them another twelve months."

With a heavy sigh the minister went back to carry out the command of the King. The scholars were once again busy rewriting their works.

Twelve months came to an end. The scholars managed to finish their works with great difficulty. And the minister went to report the matter to the King.

"Very good", said the King. "Let me see the work."

No sooner had he said this,



than half a dozen sturdy donkeys were driven into the palace. Each donkey carried two loads of books and every load contained twenty pillow-like volumes.

The King gasped for breath and then gritted his teeth in anger. "Oh no! I can't read all this stuff!" he shouted and added, "I am just interested in knowing what is happening all over the world all this time. Let the scholars tell me in a nutshell. I give you one more month."

The minister ordered for the donkeys to be led away. He met the King after a few days.

He was holding a small ivory casket. He presented it to the King and said, "Your Majesty! the assigned work is over. This box contains the shortest history

of the world. It tells about what happened all over the world all the time"

"Good!" the King exclaimed. He eagerly opened the box. He found a small scroll tied with a silken string.

He took the scroll out of the box, untied the string and unrolled it. It contained only three lines.

"So short!" the King exclaimed again and read the lines aloud:

Men were born
They lived
Then they died.

After a short pause the King commented: "Oh! this is what happened all over the world all the time! Strange but true."

The King suitably rewarded his minister and the scholars.

Retold by P. Raja



THE WORTHY SON

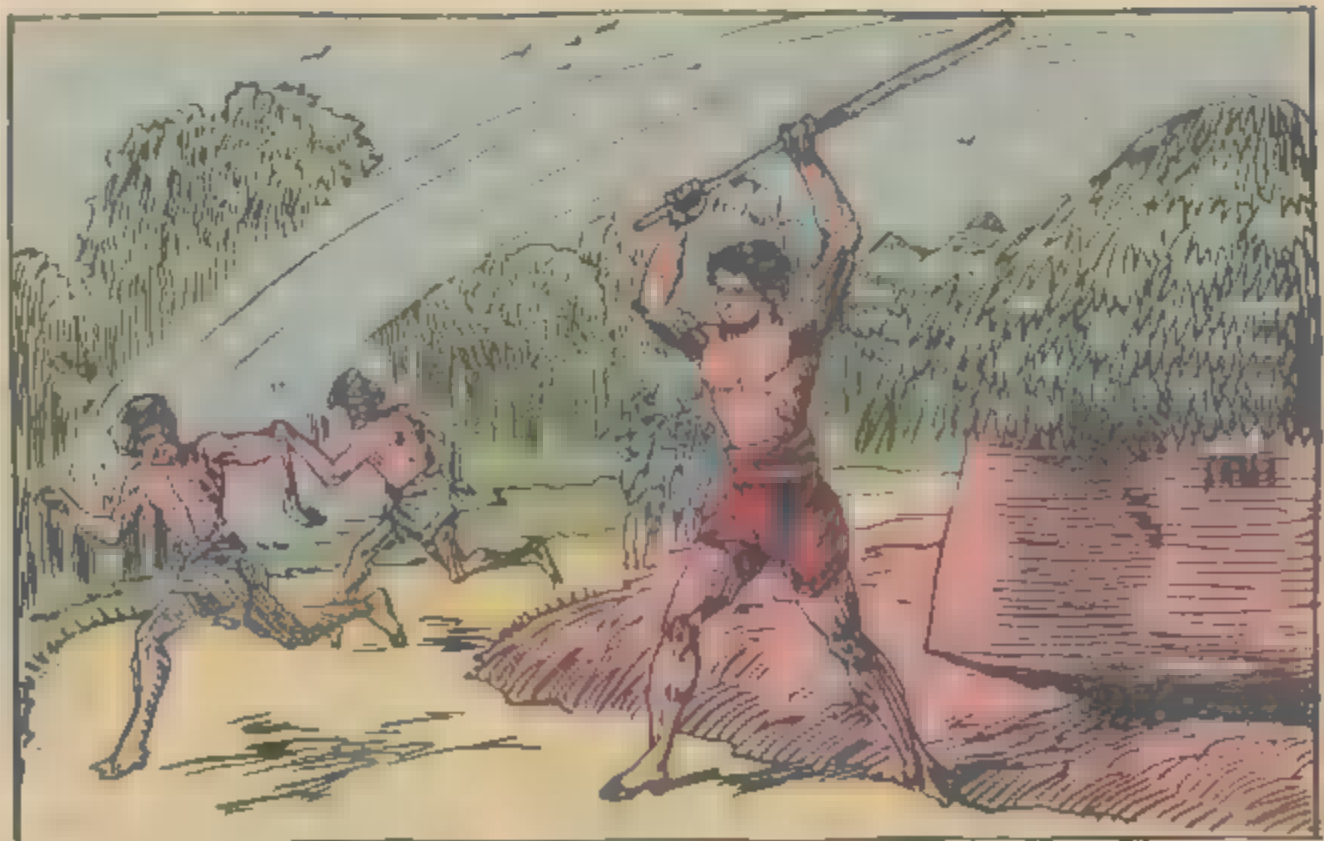
Guru Das and Vepa Das were wealthy landlords. Guru Das was a good-natured man. Vepa Das was cruel and violent. For no reason he would beat up innocent people. His son Bipin disliked this, but what could he do?

Guru Das died. His son Ram Das took charge of the estates. People said, "Ram Das is a worthy son of his father."

Vepa Das called his son Bipin and said, "After my death people should say that you are my worthy son."

"All right, Father," said Bipin and the same day he went out into the poor man's locality and began thrashing some people on a trivial ground.

"This chap is the worthy son of his father," commented the passers-by and the comment reached Vepa Das's ears before long. Vepa Das understood the situation. He changed his ways.





THE FOOLISH COMPANION!

Once upon a time there was a King on the Balkan area who had a pretty daughter. The princess was very fond of listening to stories and witty anecdotes. Now in the royal court was a nobleman whose young son was as witty as he was handsome. He was a good fighter and a good rider too. The King liked him and made him a knight but the princess loved him.

"Will you marry me?" one day the young knight asked the princess when he found her alone in the palace garden.

"Why not, if my father agrees to the proposal," said the princess and she asked her father about it the same evening.

"My child, such loves are purely sentimental affairs. They do not stand the test of time. I

have just finalised a proposal to send the young knight as the governor of a town which we have conquered. He will be there for five years. Let us see if he does not change his mind even after that," said the King.

"What if he does not change his mind?" asked the princess.

"I will be so pleased with him that I won't mind even if he elopes with you!" said the King.

"That is fine," said the princess.

The very next day the young knight left for the distant town. The same day a messenger from the royal court of Hungary met the Balkan King and said, "Our King wishes to marry your daughter."

"My daughter wishes to remain unmarried for five years," said the King.

Five years passed. The King

of Hungary was reminded by his minister that he could now claim the hand of the princess. In order to impress the Balkan King with his humility, the Hungarian King rode all alone towards his destination.

On a crossroad, he met a young rider coming from another direction. They talked and somehow the King found the young man funny and foolish. That amused him. He liked having a companion.

They had to cross a river. The young man pulled the reins and became slow. But the enthusiastic King galloped straight into the water. As the horse struck

something under the water and gave a sudden jerk, the King would have fallen off the horse. He narrowly escaped that fate.

"My Lord, you should have carried a bridge with you!" observed the young man.

"What nonsense do you speak! Is a bridge a match-box that one can carry it?" said the King. The young man said nothing.

After a while it rained. The King got drenched. "My Lord, you should have carried your house with you!" observed the young man.

"Young man, you don't know how big my house is. To carry it



would be a feat which nobody can perform!" said the King.

After an hour the King said, "I'm hungry, do you think any food will be available nearby?"

"My Lord, you should have carried your father and your mother with you!" said the young man and he shared the food he was carrying with the King.

It was evening when they entered the town which was their destination.

"My Lord, here lies the royal road to the palace. This side there is a dusky lane which I call the road to the fulfilment of five years' plan. Which one will you

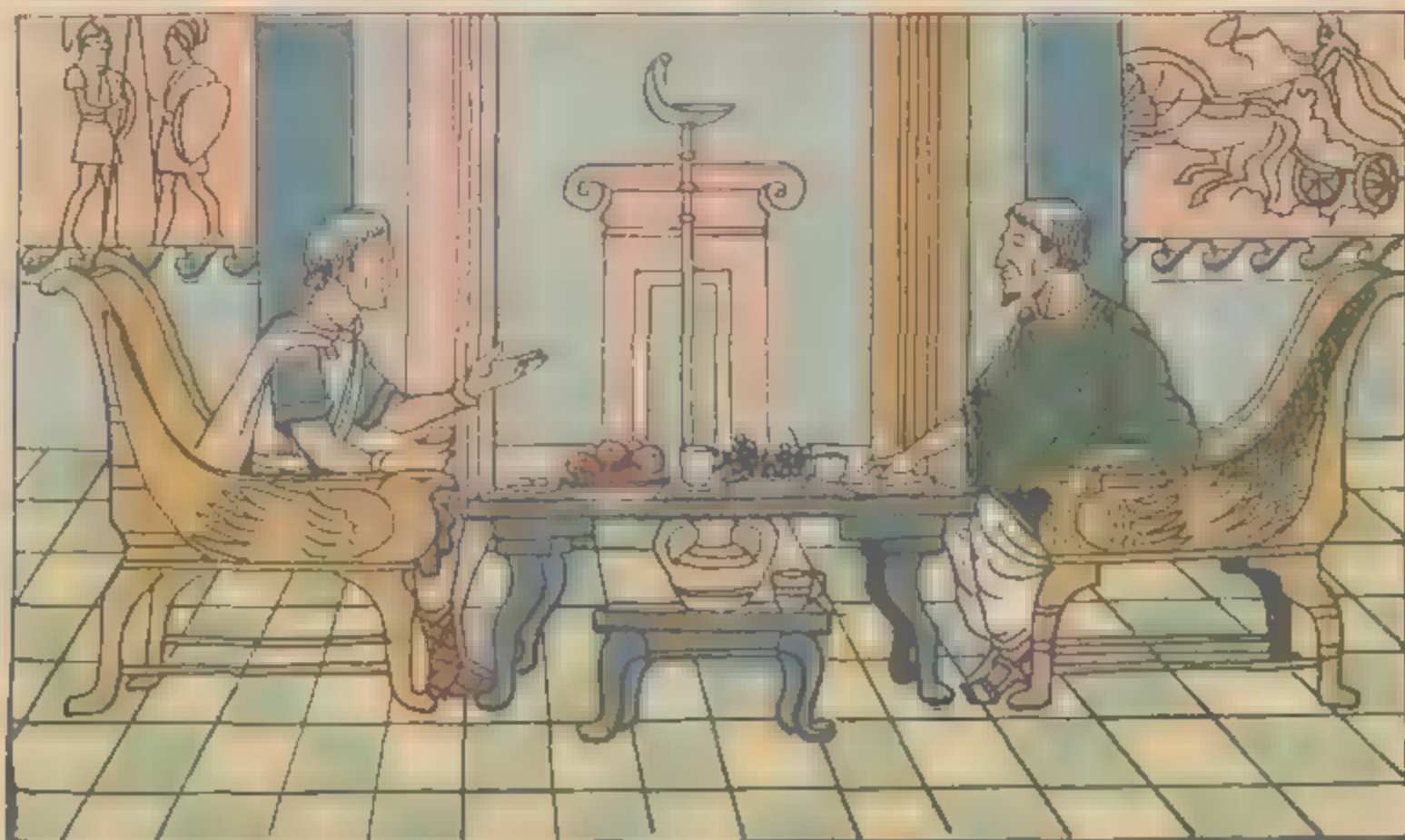
like to take?" the young man asked.

"The royal road, naturally!" said the King.

"Go on, My Lord, I'll take to the lane," said the young man. They parted ways.

The Hungarian King was received most cordially by the host-King. "Was the journey smooth?" the host asked.

"Well, a funny chap met me on the way. I enjoyed his company, though he made foolish statements. For example, when my horse stumbled in the river, he said that I should have carried a bridge with me," said the King.



"Is that so? I'm afraid, he was not foolish. He was only speaking in ■ different language! To carry a bridge means to be cautious while crossing a river. For a King like you, your bodyguards should have rode before you to examine the safety of the road," explained the host.

"And when I got drenched, he observed that I should have carried my house with me!"

"What he meant was, you should have carried your rain-coat!"

"And when I felt hungry he told me that I should have carried my father and mother with me!" said the guest.

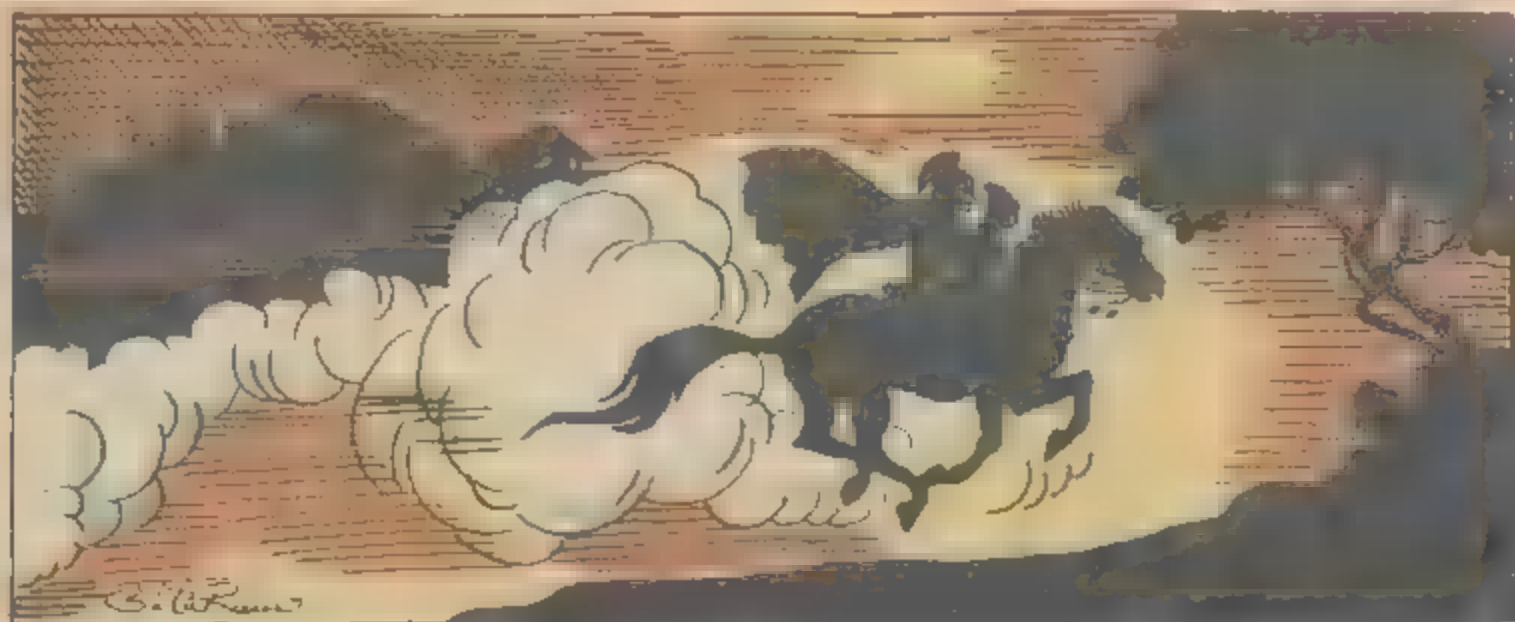
"In our proverb father means food and mother means drink. It is because the father provides his child with food and the mother with milk. But who was that young man?"

"I don't know. He took ■ short-cut, saying that the road was known as the fulfilment of ■ five years' plan road!"

"Five years?" the host gave a start. "Wait, wait," said he and he rushed into the inner apartment of his palace. As he had guessed, he found the princess missing! The young knight had carried her away!

Of course they had not gone far, nor did they intend going far. They were just testing the King who had said that he won't mind even if his daughter eloped with the knight if the knight would wait for five years!

When the Hungarian King heard the whole story, he was much amused. He did not mind his own inability to marry the princess. In fact he was present at the marriage of the princess with the knight.



STORY OF

RAMA



—By Manoj Das

(Out in search of Sita, Rama and Lakshmana reached a hilly region and befriended Sugriva, the Vanara prince, and his lieutenant the brave Hanuman. Rama promised to kill Bali, Sugriva's tyrannical brother. Sugriva challenged Bali to a duel.)

LANKA LOCATED

The duel between Bali and Sugriva grew more and more fierce. Sugriva was expecting Rama's intervention any moment. But minutes passed and he got more and more tired. "Did Rama mean to betray me?" he wondered and suddenly broke away from his powerful adversary.

When Sugriva stood before Rama, his tearful eyes speaking of his anguish, Rama told him,

"My friend, once you got locked in fight with Bali, it became impossible for me to distinguish between you two. Both looked alike! I did not wish to shoot my arrow merely on guess, for it could have struck you instead of Bali!"

Sugriva understood Rama's difficulty. Lakshmana made a garland and put it round Sugriva's neck. He went back to Kiskindhya and challenged Bali





to a single combat once again.

Bali, furious at Sugriva's audacity, responded at once. The fight was more fierce than ever. Rama did not discharge his arrow at the earliest opportunity, perhaps because he thought that it would be good if Sugriva could kill Bali without his aid. But soon he saw that Sugriva's prowess was on the decline. He shot at Bali. Surprised, Bali fell.

Needless to say, no ordinary arrow could have killed Bali. The powerful Bali could have been killed only by an arrow charged with special power and discharged by very special hands.

Rama approached Bali. The dying Vanara King took him to task for attacking him in an unjust manner. Rama told him that he had no right to expect from others what he thought to be just conduct, after breaking all norms of justice himself. Had he not behaved brutally towards his younger brother without even caring to hear the latter's explanation of the incident which angered him? Had he not forced Rama, Sugriva's wife, to marry him? Had he not been extremely proud of his power? Had he not forgotten his duty as a ruler and remained engrossed in pleasures?

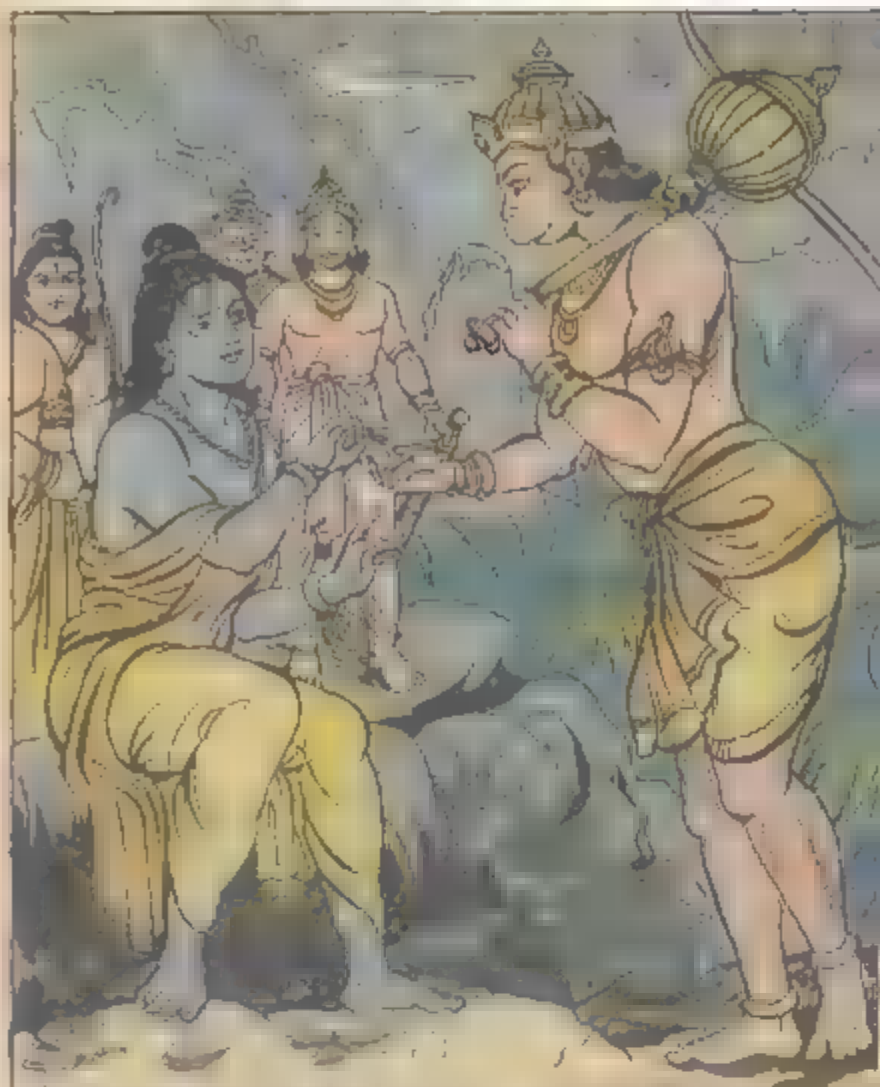
As the representative of the King of Ayodhya, who was the monarch over the whole land, Rama had the right to act against injustice anywhere.

While talking to Rama, Bali's heart was filled with peace. He called Sugriva to his side and apologised to him for the wrong done to him. Sugriva, who was remorseful, promised to make Angada, Bali's son, the crown-prince.

Bali's funeral rites were duly performed. Sugriva ascended the throne of Kiskindhya. By then the monsoon had set in.

They decided to wait. At the end of the season Sugriva not only mobilised the Vanaras who lived in Kiskindhya, but also summoned members of his race who lived far away in the Mahendra and Himalayan mountains. From the hills of Anjan came the Vanaras who were of the colour of dark clouds, from the region of Mahashaila came those marked by golden hue, from the Maharu hills came the tender-skin ones accustomed to drinks made of the sugar-cane, so on and so forth.

The immediate task before them was to find out where Ravana, Sita's captor, lives. Sugriva sent four groups of select Vanaras in four directions and ordered them to report to him their finding within a month. The party that went southward was led by the young Angada. Hanuman, Neela and the elderly wolf-chief Jamvaban belonged to this party, apart from a large number of soldiers. Sugriva reported his hope for success on this party more than the others, partly because there were indications that Ravana had gone south and partly because he had great faith in



Hanuman's capacity in performing the task.

At the time of their departure, Rama gave Hanuman a ring. "If you find Sita, she will know you to be my emissary by this proof," he said. Hanuman touched the ring to his forehead and prostrated himself to Rama.

The search party led by Angada had many kinds of experience. Once they entered a region where trees were bereft of leaves and fruits, rivers were without water and birds and beasts kept off the area. All this was because of a curse thrown by a sage who had lost his young son there.

As days passed, Angada the



leader of the party grew disheartened. But Hanuman continued to infuse spirit into him. Once they were face to face with a ferocious demon. Angada under the impression that he was Ravana, killed him. Alas, he was soon disillusioned and that made him even more gloomy.

Hungry, thirsty and tired, once they entered a tunnel. To their surprise they found themselves inside a magnificent castle shaded by lush green trees yielding strange fruits. The castle had seven storeys and numerous chambers bedecked with jewels. Cool streamlets flowed all around it. The solitary dweller of the castle was an old lady,

a hermitess who greeted them with a mother's affection and fed them sumptuously. They learnt that the castle had been made by Maya Danav, the legendary builder of the demons, for a nymph named Hema whom he loved. Maya Danav was no more and the old lady guarded the castle on Hema's behalf.

"My sons, no mortal who enters this castle goes out of it alive. But I will arrange for your return to sunlight," said the hermitess and she bade them close their eyes for a moment. When they opened their eyes, they were in a rocky valley far from the magic castle.

The time allotted to them for accomplishing their mission was coming to an end. They lay despondent on the valley. Angada would rather give up his life than go back to Sugriva to report his failure.

As they debated among themselves about their course of action, atop a mountain peak emerged a fearful bird. Huge as a hillock, its gigantic beak looked as strong as thunder.

"Friends, death approaches us in the shape of a bird!" cried out Angada. "Vain has been our

mission, as vain as Jotayu's efforts at saving Sita from the kidnapper's clutches!"

The giant bird which was heading towards the Vanaras suddenly stopped. "Who uttered the name of Jotayu, my beloved brother? Will you please tell me more about him?" he asked.

Angada narrated to the bird the heroic deed of Jotayu in fighting Ravana and, in the process, told him all about their mission.

The bird, whose name was Sampati, spouted fire of anger against Ravana when informed of Jotayu's death. The Vanaras were amazed to find out that Sampati was Jotayu's elder brother. Long ago, once the two brothers had flown very high and Sampati saw Jotayu feeling tired. Sampati flew over him, trying to protect him from the excessive heat of the sun. His own wings caught fire and he fell over the Vindhya where he had continued to live, helping creatures in difficulty. "There is a prophecy made by Sage Nirakara that the day I would perform a really good deed, new wings will grow on me. How much I wish that like my worthy



brother I too could give a fight to Ravana! But that is not to be. However, I can do the next best thing. I can tell you where Ravana lives and where he has imprisoned Sita. It is beyond this sea yonder, in the island of Lanka."

Hardly had Sampati said this than new wings began to grow on him. "You will succeed in locating Sita," he said as he took off on a trial flight after ages.

Fired with enthusiasm, the Vanaras soon reached the seashore. "Who among you can reach Lanka in a single leap?" Angada asked his lieutenants.

Sampati had told them the

distance to be covered. One by one the leading Vanaras came out with statements regarding their capacity. Everyone's capacity fell short of the measure necessary. Even Angada said, "I can reach Lanka in a leap, but cannot repeat the feat for returning."

Jamvaban looked meaningfully at Hanuman. "Why are you silent, my son?"

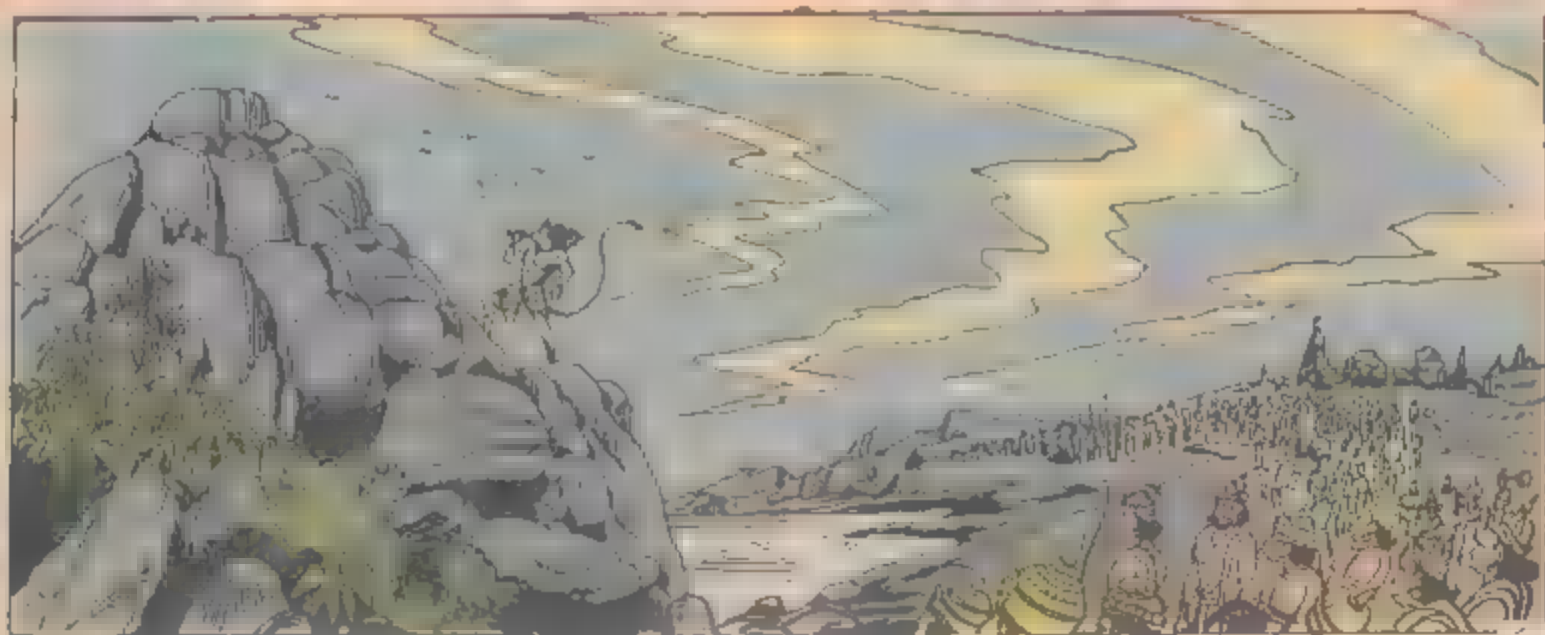
Hanuman was as if lost in meditation. "O Hanuman," said Jamvaban again, "Formidable is the task, no doubt, but you are brave, noble and pure in character. I know, you alone can undertake this dangerous journey; great is the cause and you too are great!"

Hanuman stood up in silence. Suddenly his form began to

grow. He greeted his elders and said, "I will do the needful. But the earth here may not bear the impact of my taking off. I shall climb Mount Mahendra and launch myself into the sky."

Hanuman rose to the peak of the mountain and bowed to the sun and invoked the blessings of the gods. He then enlarged his body further and looking luminous with his divine inspiration, told his well-wishers who stood at the foot of the hill, "I shall proceed to Lanka like an arrow shot from Rama's bow. If I don't find Sita in the island, I will uproot the complete island and bring it to Rama!"

As all stood stunned in silent admiration, Hanuman prepared for his leap over the mighty ocean.



DHIRU DAS AND DEAR LIFE

In a small town of Sivapur lived Dhiru Das, a wealthy man. He had enjoyed his life well and squandered away much of the wealth he had inherited from his father in gambling and merry-making. Even then he had enough in estates and buildings left.

He was quite arrogant and haughty. His sons did not dare to interfere with his activities.

Once he fell seriously ill. Since he remained bed-ridden for a long time, the manage-

ment of his property went over to his sons. They did their best to bring order to the chaos he had created in the household and they succeeded.

After six months Dhiru Das grew well. But to his disappointment, he saw that his estates were controlled by his sons. Whenever he gave any order, his manager would politely say, "Sir, you are weak and you need rest. Why do you bother about such things? Aren't your sons capable of taking care of your



estates?"

If he gave any suggestion to his sons, they would say, "Father, you have done enough in your life. Is it not time for you to take rest?"

One evening the hapless Dhiru Das expressed a desire to visit the temple. One of his sons accompanied him. Dhiru Das stood before the deity for a long time and said in a voice that his son could hear, "O Lord, please take away my life. I have no more desire to live!" He repeated this again and again and wiped his eyes.

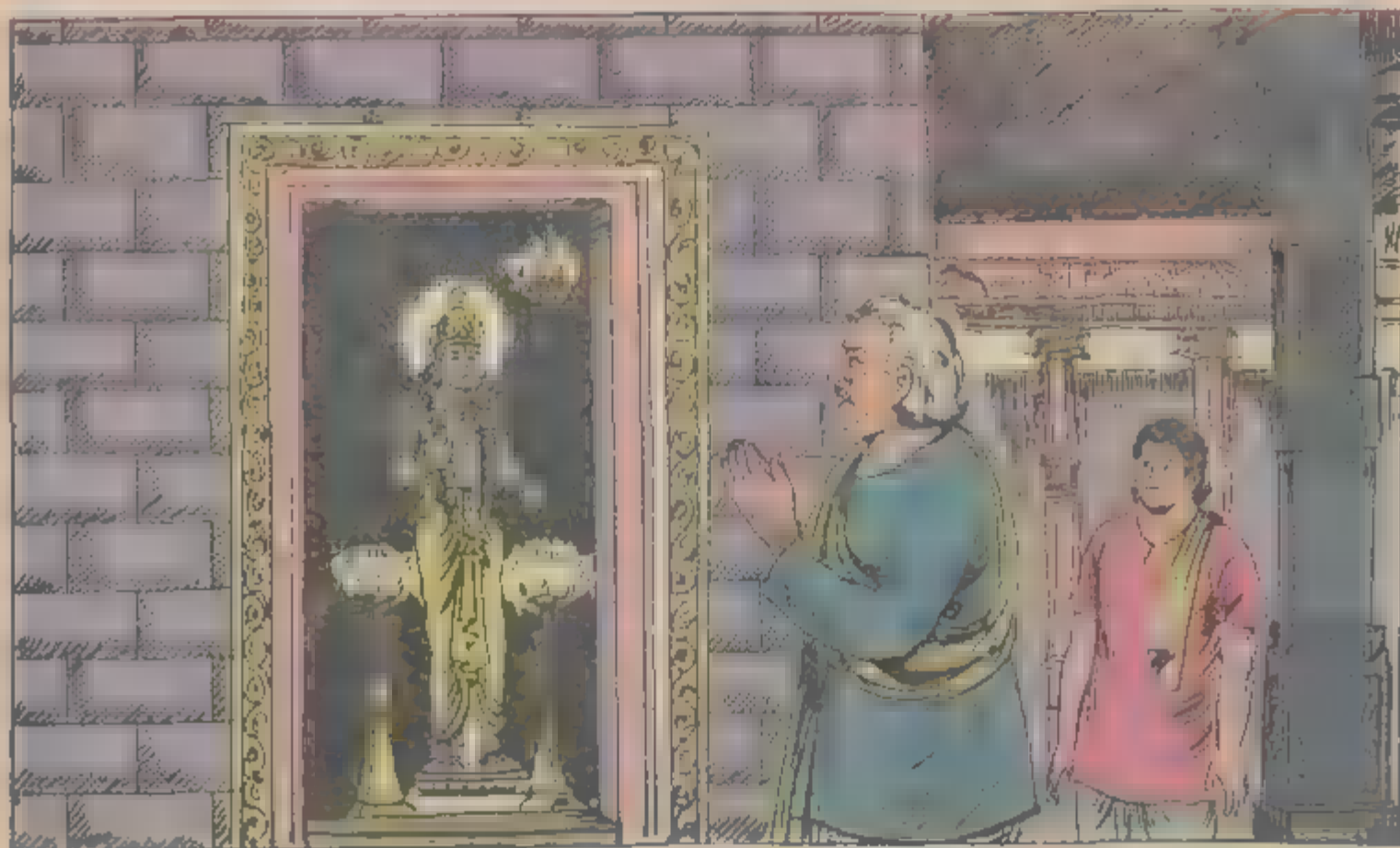
Back at home, he found to his

pleasure that his sons were ready to do whatever he wanted them to do.

He visited the temple once again the next day and pleaded with the deity in the same way. That evening, at his wish, his ■■■■ summoned even his partners in gambling and let him play with them as he liked.

This went on for ■ few days. One day the priest of the temple told the son who had accompanied Dhiru Das to the temple, "Please keep yourself outside the shrine. Let your father be with the Lord all alone."

The son did ■ advised. As



soon ■ Dhiru Das had conveyed his prayer that he wanted to die, a voice came from the deity's seat, "Very good, Dhiru, I have heard your prayer and I am willing to grant it. Come forward and touch me. Your soul will then depart from your body."

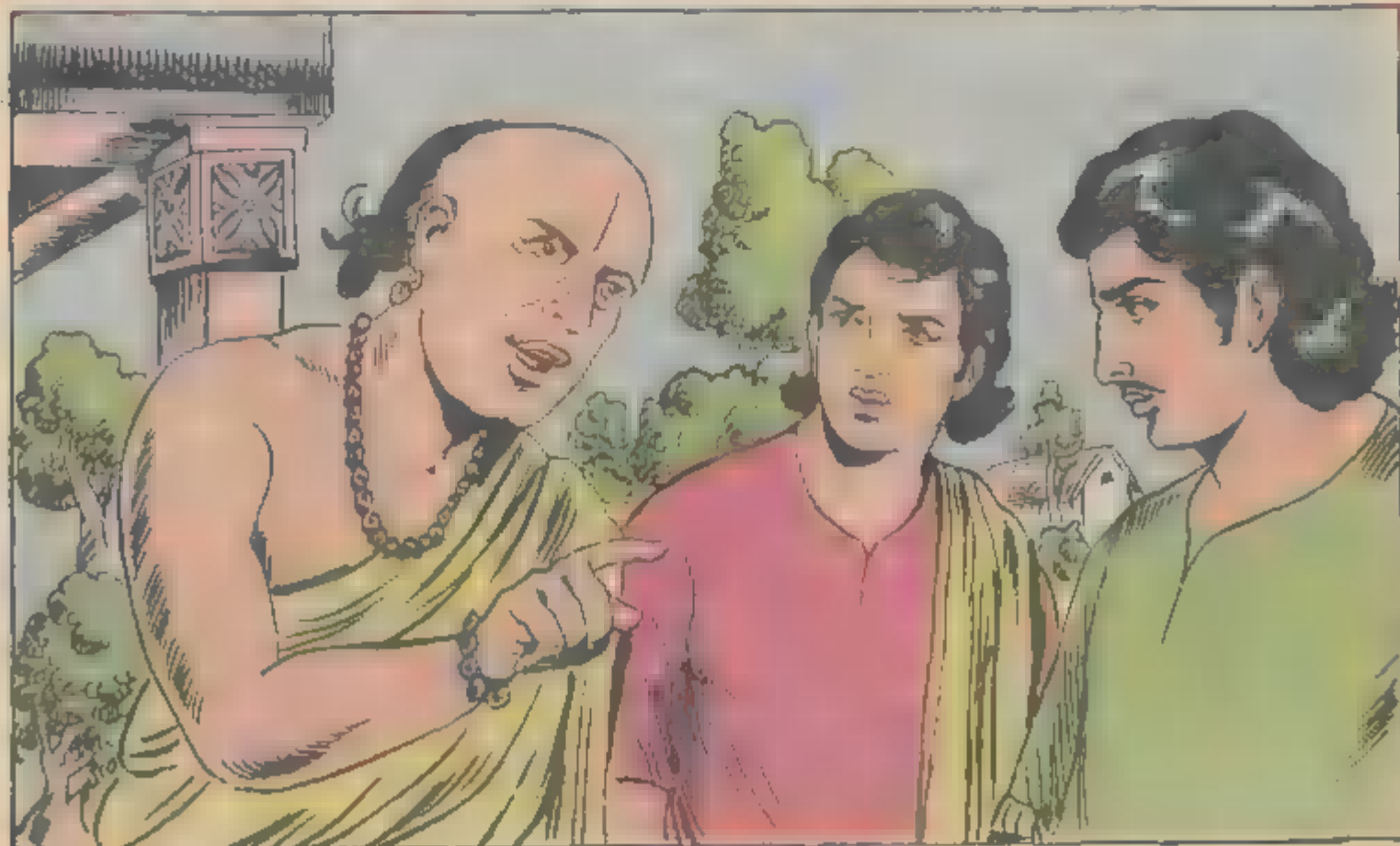
The priest uttered this in ■ grave tone, hiding behind the idol.

Dhiru Das looked around, horror writ large on his face. He left the shrine as fast as possible.

That night the priest told his sons in private, "You need not

fear that your father might like to die if you don't fulfil his wishes. By all means fulfil his wishes which are pious and healthy, but not his wishes for gambling and all that. Life is very dear to him and he will not like to give it up even if the Lord will be prepared to take charge of it."

Dhiru Das did not repeat his performance in the temple even when he was not allowed to meet his gambling friends. By and by the priest taught him the pleasures of reading good books and participating in pious activities.



THE DEMON IN THE CAVE

Based on ■ story told by Swami Ramatirtha

Long long ago in ■ wild forest lived a tribe. It was very primitive and it never did anything other than what its forefathers had done.

Accordingly, people of the tribe woke up from sleep after the sunrise and fell asleep the moment the sun had set. They ate raw meat and raw roots and fruit. They did not know the art of cooking.

In the forest there was a cave. They believed that in the cave lived a demon. Years ago some people had entered the cave; but they never came out. They were believed to have been eaten up by the demon.

Once the people of the tribe decided to drive away the demon. Someone suggested that they fast and pray before the cave. They did that, but the demon did not go away. They could ■■■ him dwelling inside the cave, occupying the whole cave!

Another day they decided to kill the demon. They gathered before the cave and began hurling stones and spears into it. But the demon did not care.

One day a man from another tribe came there. He heard about the demon and told the people, "This demon will disappear if you do what I say." He then tied dry grass to the end of a bamboo and applied fat to it. He then struck a stone against another and produced a spark and lighted the bamboo. He led the people into the cave, walking with the torch. The demon had disappeared!

The fact is, these people did not know what darkness is because they lay asleep right from the sunset till the sunrise. In daytime they saw darkness inside the cave and took the darkness itself to be a demon!





LALU SETH'S TRADE

In days gone by there was a town named Motipur. It was situated close to a harbour. Merchants from different cities visited Motipur.

Lalu Seth was a goldsmith of Motipur, but he had lately given up making or selling gold ornaments. Instead he received gold ornaments on mortgage and paid money to those who had run into difficulty. When the borrower repaid the money, Lalu Seth returned him his ornament.

One day a young merchant from Puri complained to the King of Motipur against Lalu Seth. He said, "My Lord, on my last visit I suffered heavy loss in business here and pledged a gold necklace with Lalu Seth. This time my business was good. I paid to Lalu Seth the money I had borrowed, with interest, but

Lalu Seth returned me an imitation necklace instead of my real one."

The King summoned Lalu Seth who said, "My Lord, the young man is a liar. It is he who had deceived me by pledging a cheap necklace with me. I have returned to him no other necklace but the one he had left with me. Nobody had complained about my conduct!"

The King told the young man, "Did you hear? He is accusing you of befooling him by depositing an imitation necklace with him. How to know who is speaking the truth? Sorry, young man, we cannot help you."

The King then dismissed the case, but he cleverly ascertained that the young man will be there at Motipur for two more days.

Lalu Seth was very happy. He

made ■ deep bow to the King and went away.

At once the King called his minister and discussed the case with him in private.

Next day, in the morning, ■ stranger approached Lalu Seth. "Seth!" he said looking all around him once or twice. "I came from Mathura. But I am in difficulty. Will you please buy this gold bangle from me?" he said and took out the bangle from his pocket.

Lalu Seth examined it. Then he looked sternly at the stranger and said, "I can give you a hundred rupees for this!"

"Only ■ hundred? There are jewels on it. This is my wife's.

This is very costly!"

Lalu Seth smiled. "This is not your wife's. Let us not argue where you got it," said Lalu Seth with ■ twinkle. He indicated that it must have been ■ stolen article. He said again, "I agree that this is ■ bit costly. But I can pay you two hundred rupees and not ■ rupee more!"

"All right, Seth, all right," said the stranger. He took the money and went out in a hurry. Lalu Seth laughed and told himself, "The thief is happy with ■ ■■■■ two hundred rupees for an article which must cost five thousand rupees!"

He had just kept the bangle in his box when the police chief



knocked on his door. "There has been a burglary in the palace. We must search your store in case the thief has pledged any of the stolen goods with you," said the police chief. The search began. Within minutes the chief picked up the bangle and said, "This is one of the articles stolen from the palace!"

They took away all the gold articles Lalu Seth had and arrested him. It was announced in the town that all those who had even pledged their ornaments with Lalu Seth and got them released later should come to the palace with those ornaments.

It was found that to almost all his customers Lalu Seth had returned imitation articles for their genuine articles. The genuine ones were found to be in his possession. The young

man from Puri also got back his necklace. Lalu Seth was sent to jail.

"How were you so sure that Lalu Seth was lying and the young man was speaking the truth?" the king asked his minister who had planned the action to expose Lalu Seth.

"My Lord, a goldsmith will care to keep an ornament and give money for it unless he was sure that it was genuine. Secondly, if the young man wanted to deceive him, why should he return his money with interest? Lalu Seth could never have taken him to task for he even did not belong to our kingdom! I was certain of Lalu Seth's mischief. All that was necessary was to find an argument for searching his stock. That is why I sent my men to him with a bangle from the palace!" explained the minister.





THE KING'S DISCOVERY

Adityasen, the King of Purnapur, was tired of flattery. He was wise and intelligent. Hence flattery and exaggeration did not please him. But what can he do?

He wanted to have in his court at least **one** **man** who was honest and upright and who would not say or do things for greed.

One winter night the King put on **a** disguise, covered himself with **a** ordinary blanket and took a stroll through the town. He found **a** young man wrapped up in **a** tattered blanket, about to lie down on the verandah of an inn.

"Hello, young man, your blanket is full of holes. Don't you feel cold?" asked the King.

"Gentleman! Is it not you who should feel the stings of

cold? Once the chill enters your blanket, it cannot come out. So far as my blanket is concerned, chill may enter through some holes, but it will go out through other holes!" answered the young man and both had a hearty laugh.

The King understood that here was a young **man** who knew how to look at difficulties in a jovial spirit. He asked him, "Young man, I possess a hundred gold coins. If I give you twenty out of my stock, will you hail my generosity as equal to the King's?"

The young **man** laughed. "How can I equal you with the King for **a** mere twenty gold coins?" he asked in turn.

"What if I give you fifty gold coins?" asked the King.

"In that case our wealth will

be equal. Why should I give you the status of a King?" said the young man.

The King was charmed by the young man's wit and also the absence of greed in him. He walked away, to try the young man further. He thought that the young man might call him from behind.

But the young man did nothing like that. So the King came back to him.

"Gentleman, will you like to ask me something more?" asked the young man.

"Yes. I am thirsting for some praise. If I give you all the hundred gold coins I have, will you praise me as one equal to the King?" asked the King.

The young man laughed

again. "Gentleman, once you give away all you have to me, will it not be my turn to become proud and expect flattery from others? Since you will be left with nothing, why should I equal you to the King?" he said.

The King could not but be full of praise for the young man's wit. He found out that the young man had come from a village in search of some honest job. The King led him to the palace. In the morning he narrated his experience with the young man to his courtiers. He also made the young man his courtier. That was a reminder to all the members of the court that the King did not like flattery, but he looked for honesty and other good qualities.



WORLD OF SPORT

THE FEDERATION INTERNATIONALE DE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION—THE OFFICIAL WORLD GOVERNING BODY OF FOOTBALL WAS FOUNDED IN 1904. THE ORIGINAL COUNTRIES WERE: BELGIUM, DENMARK, FRANCE, HOLLAND, SPAIN, SWEDEN AND SWITZERLAND.

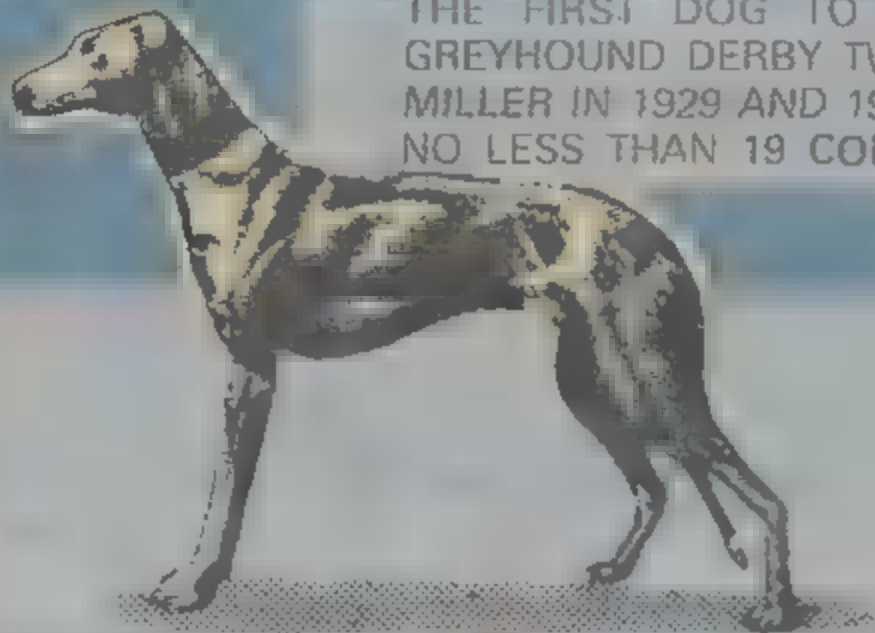


FIFA



19 WINS IN A ROW!

THE FIRST DOG TO WIN THE ENGLISH GREYHOUND DERBY TWICE WAS MICK THE MILLER IN 1929 AND 1930. IN 1930 HE WON NO LESS THAN 19 CONSECUTIVE RACES.



**BARE
KNUCKLES...**



THE LAST BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP FOUGHT WITH BARE KNUCKLES TOOK PLACE AT RICHBURG, MISSISSIPPI, IN 1889 WHEN JOHN L. SULLIVAN BEAT JACK KILTRAIN IN 75 ROUNDS.

**BATS
BATS
BATS
BATS**

THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF WILD MAMMALS IN THE WORLD IS AT BRACKEN CAVE, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. IN SUMMER THE CAVE CONTAINS UPTO 20 MILLION BATS!

THE MARLIN IS THE FASTEST FISH OVER SUSTAINED DISTANCES. IT IS KNOWN TO REACH SPEEDS OF 40-50 MPH (64-80 KM/H).

FASTEST FISH



**ICE
CAVE**

THE EISRIESENWELT CAVE IN AUSTRIA IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST PERMANENTLY ICE-FILLED CAVE. IT IS 26 MILES (42 KM) LONG. ITS ENTRANCE IS 3,300 FT (1,000 M) ABOVE THE VALLEY FLOOR. EVEN IN SUMMER THE TEMPERATURE RARELY RISES ABOVE FREEZING POINT.



THE LOST MONEY

In a small town near Kabul lived a barber named Rahim. He was honest and warm to all. Everybody loved him.

Unfortunately he lost his eyesight. He could not continue with his business. He took to begging. Because he was loved by all, he received alms handsomely, more than he needed.

Soon he had gathered a hundred silver coins. His only problem was the safety of his collection. He was the lone dweller in his old house. His only heir, a grandson, was growing up in the house of a relative far away and was learning the trade of a barber.

Before he had lost his vision, he knew that in a corner of the floor of the mosque there was a loose plank. There was enough room under it to store his

money. He went to the mosque at the time of prayer and waited till all had gone. Then he lifted the loose plank and deposited his money-bag under it. But his impression that he was not seen by anybody was not correct. Someone, indeed, observed what he did. As soon as Rahim departed, the fellow stole the bag out and went away.

The same evening Rahim's grandson returned to him. Rahim was delighted. He must open a barber's shop for the boy. With the goodwill he enjoyed, it should not be difficult for him to get customers.

He went to the mosque to get the money-bag out of the hiding. Needless to say he was shocked when he found nothing under the plank.

He came back home and sat

brooding over the situation for a long time. Then he told his grandson, "My boy, tomorrow, at prayer time, stand behind me and observe the crowd. Mark if anybody would look again and again at me and at the wooden plank on which I will be sitting. Mark the expression on his face. Then follow him when he goes out and mark his house and report to me."

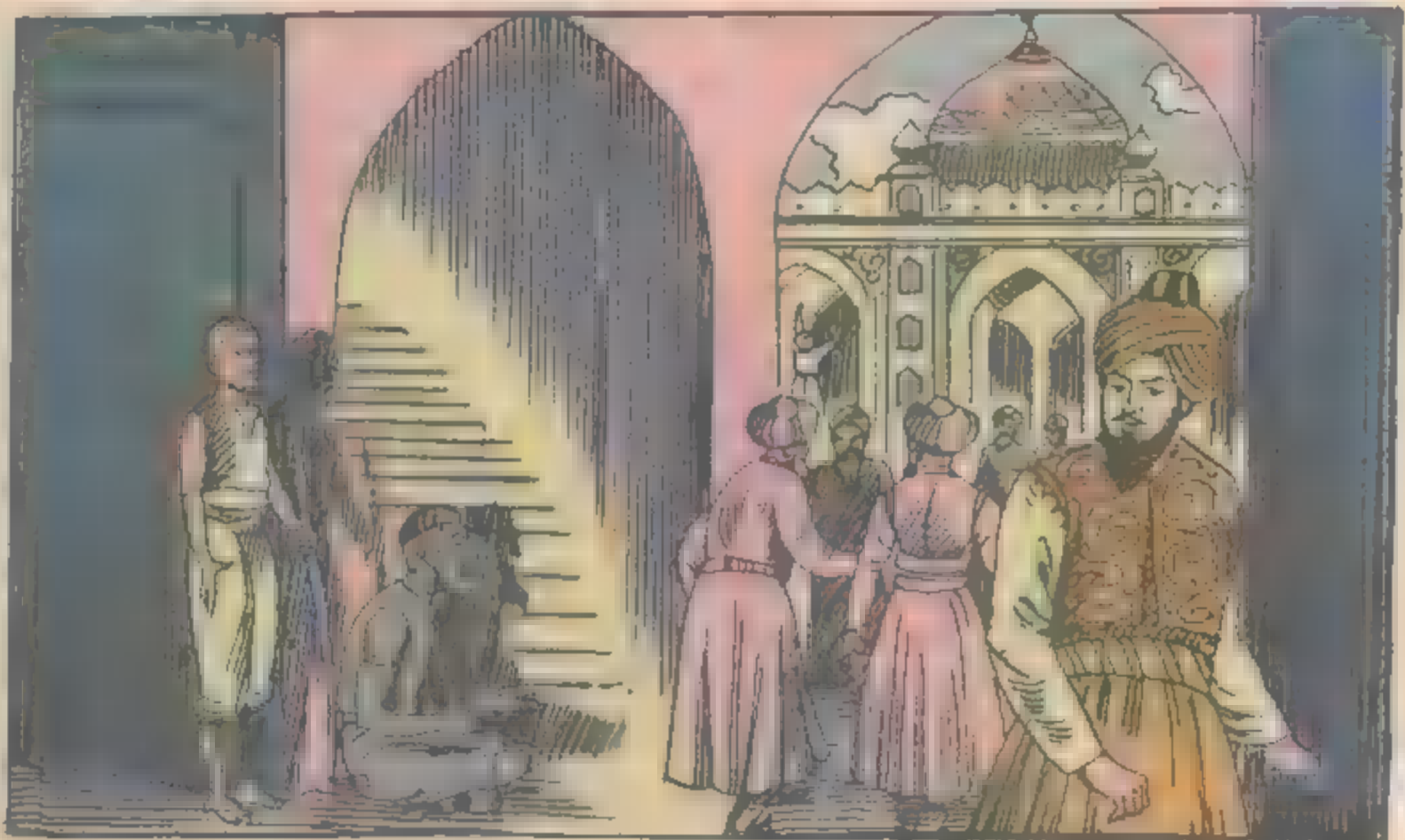
Next day the boy did as instructed. He saw somebody looking at his grandfather again and again and even smiling. He followed the fellow and marked his house and reported about it to Rahim.

Rahim understood who the fellow was. He was Abdulla, once his friend. In fact, he had helped Abdulla in many things in the past, though Abdulla never cared for him after he grew blind.

In the evening he groped his way to Abdulla's house. "Brother Rahim, what brings you here?" asked Abdulla.

Rahim wanted to talk to him in private. Abdulla led him into a room and closed the door.

"My friend, don't let anybody know what I tell you. Over the years I had managed to collect some two hundred silver coins. Half of it had been borrowed by



one relative and the other hundred coins by another. Day before yesterday one of them returned his loan. I have kept the amount hidden at a very safe place. Today I hear that the other relative will return the other hundred coins in two days. I wish to invest the whole amount in business—through you. Nobody else should know anything about it. I don't need any receipt from you either. At the end of a year just give me half of the profit that might accrue from my investment. Will you do so?"

"Gladly, my friend! How can I forget the help I used to receive from you?" said Abdulla.

Rahim took leave of him, thanking him. The evening Abdulla put back Rahim's bag under the plank in the

mosque. He did so because he was afraid that Rahim might change his mind at the discovery, that half of his money was gone! Abdulla was happy at the prospect of receiving two hundred coins. He had already decided to deceive Rahim of the whole amount!

Next day Rahim quietly recovered his money and got busy in setting up a saloon for his grandson. On the third day Abdulla met him and asked in a whisper, "I have been waiting for you!"

"Don't wait for me any longer, my friend, for I have changed my mind. My grandson is here and I must spend the money for setting up a shop for him," said Rahim, also in a whisper.

Abdulla looked pale. Although Rahim could not see it, he could imagine it.





A GIANT IN THE TOWN

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roar of thunder and moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He returned to the ancient tree, climbed it once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse, said, "O King, I do not know who has inspired you to undertake this dangerous work at this unearthly hour. Also, it is difficult to say whether yours is an example of courage or dare-devilry. Those who risk their lives for a noble cause, are courageous. Those who risk their lives led by whims, are foolish. To



tle. To show how strong he was, he gave a toss to a house and the house collapsed as if it was built of cards! His roar shook all the houses in the town. Soon he approached the King's castle.

People ran helter-skelter at his sight. At first the King failed to understand what the matter was. No enemy army could reach the capital without his getting the news earlier! He climbed to the roof-top. What he saw startled him. The giant stood in front of the castle, looking at him.

The King did not lose his calm. He asked, "O Stranger, who are you? Our people had never seen a person of your size. That is why they are running away. Please don't take offence at their conduct. Now, will you please tell me who you are and what brought you here? Whatever be that, as the King it is my duty to welcome you."

The giant looked surprised at the King's courtesy towards him. But he laughed like thunderclaps at which even as strong a monument as the castle trembled.

"O King, it is not that I have come here with any motive. In fact, I do not even know the

which category do you belong? Let me narrate an instance to you. That may help you to determine your own character.

The vampire went on: This happened long ago. The kingdom of Vishalpur was ruled by King Virbhadra. He was a just ruler. His subjects live in peace and happiness. He had a very able commander over his army. From time to time officers reported to the King that all was well in the kingdom. That made the King happy.

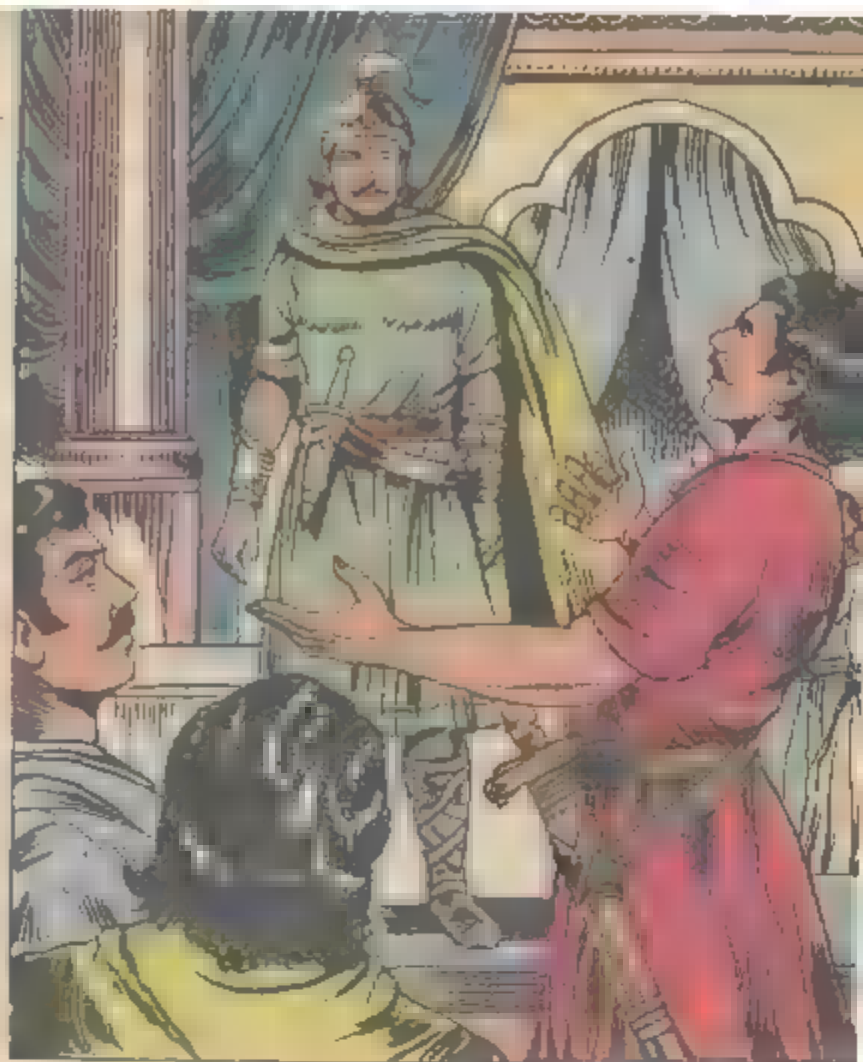
But one day something unexpected happened. A giant appeared in the capital. He was twice taller than the King's cas-

name of your kingdom. I belong to the nether-world. For some reasons I have to live in the human locality for some days. No sooner did I come up than I felt like chewing up as many human beings as I could lay my hands on. I also feel an urge for smashing the houses. But I will refrain from doing any such thing because you have been good to me. I propose to live in the forest, all alone. But I must visit the town once a day and catch two healthy youths and eat them. Should anybody try to check me or harm me, I will destroy the whole kingdom."

Before the King had any chance to say anything, the giant took a few steps and took hold of two young men and threw them into his mouth.

The King was shocked. He called a meeting of his ministers and other important officers. Said the chief minister, "My Lord, we can do nothing to stop the giant from his action. I suggest that we keep quiet. Otherwise he will destroy all of us. We can afford to sacrifice two young men a day for sake of our kingdom."

"But is it not shameful for us to tolerate a stranger's tyran-



ny?" wondered the King.

The ministers kept quiet. One of them said, "I have an idea. When he talks to you tomorrow, tell him that the flesh of the people of our neighbouring kingdom is more tasty. Let him go there and eat them."

The King nodded in disapproval of the idea. He said, "Is it good to shift the danger which we cannot face ourselves, to other's heads? Aren't the neighbouring people as human as we are? What have they done to us that we should push them into the jaws of death?" he said. Then he looked hopefully at his commander.



“My Lord, you must have heard of Visham Bhatt, the wizard and exorcist. He knows the black magic by which he can kill any man, however powerful. Let him take up the task of killing the giant,” said the King’s Commander.

Visham Bhatt was called. He said, “I will apply my power on the giant but should the giant prove more powerful than I, my power will recoil on me and harm me,” said Visham Bhatt and he began the rites. By midnight he shut himself in a room and concentrated on some more secret rites. By morning he was lying dead. Obviously,

the giant’s power of self-defence was more than the wizard’s power.

The King was disappointed. The ministers took recourse to another trick. They brought out two prisoners condemned to death and pasted deadly poison on them and also made them hold handfuls of poison. They were left at a place which was the giant’s regular haunt.

The giant gobbled them up, but there was no adverse reaction in him. He drank up a lot of water from the river and retired into the forest.

The night the King prayed to the Presiding Deity of his kingdom to save him from the crisis.

At night the deity told him in his dream, “My son, the giant lives according to the laws of his life in his own sphere. But once out of it, he behaves in a bizarre way, he becomes an agent of wicked forces. Only true nobility and heroism can conquer such forces.”

The King woke up and began taking stock of such people in his kingdom who combined in them nobility and heroism. First he thought of a sage. No doubt, the sage was noble; probably he was courageous too. But in the

morning the King was informed that the sage had died. The King then thought of the commander of his army, but on the second thought, he checked himself from summoning him.

The King felt much depressed. "What use my living if I cannot protect my subjects? I will better fight with the giant and die!"

He stood ready with his sword. As soon as the giant appeared before him, he said, "Look here, Giant, I request you to go back to your own sphere."

"What! How do you expect me to obey the orders of a puny

creature like you?" shrieked out the giant.

"If you don't, I will fight with you!" said the King. He took a few steps and struck the giant with his sword. The giant suffered just a scratch. He controlled his laughter and picked up the King and held him on his palm and said, "Surprising!"

The King raised his sword again. But the giant said, "Don't you worry. I am departing to my sphere."

The giant placed the King on the roof of the castle and went away. He was never seen again.

The vampire paused a moment and then demanded of the



King in a challenging tone, "O King, how do you explain the giant's conduct? How much of a hero was the King that the giant got frightened? He could have killed the King like a fly! Then, what stopped the King from sending his commander to face the giant? Resolve my doubts, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the thing, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "The deity had told the King that two qualities were necessary to dispel the giant—nobility and courage. The King himself had both the qualities. Because, he was noble, he did not agree to the proposal of sending the giant to the neighbouring kingdom. The heroism the deity spoke of was not phy-

sical heroism, but mental courage. Because the King was a true hero, he decided to give a fight to the giant.

"The commander might have been a good fighter, but he had no courage. Had he been a true hero, he would have gone forward to face the giant himself. Instead, he called a wizard to fight the giant. Because of this the King did not depend on him.

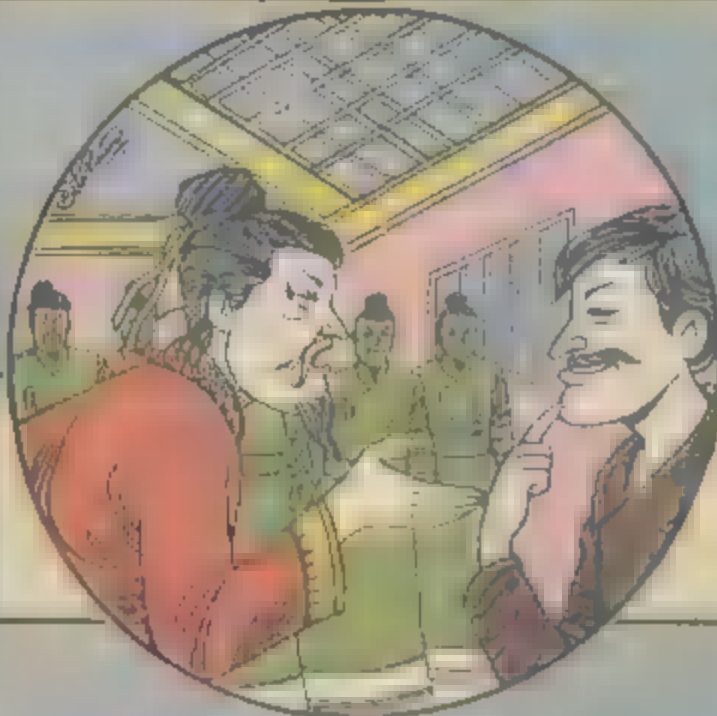
"The giant realised that the King was both noble and courageous. He must have begun to feel weak before these superior qualities of the King. He bowed down to the King's courage and left."

No sooner had the King completed his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



DESIRE GRANTED

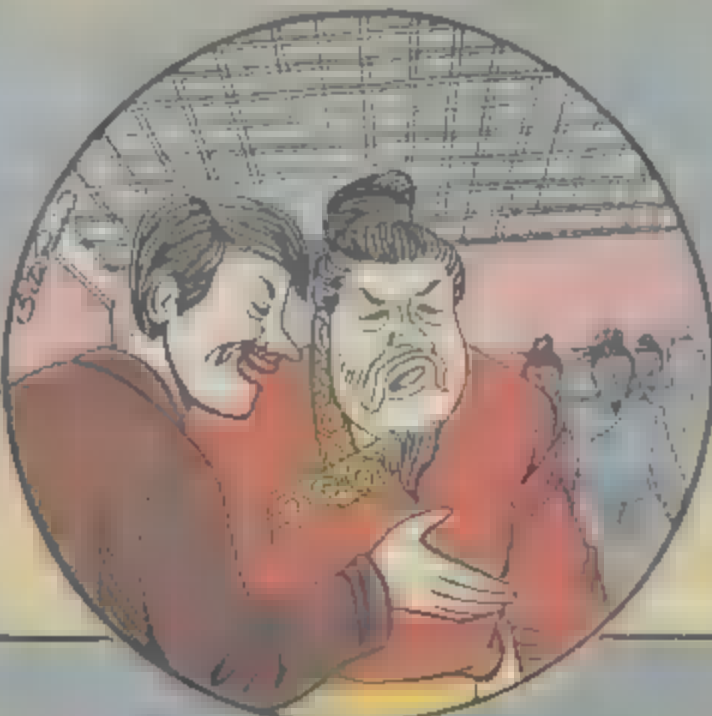
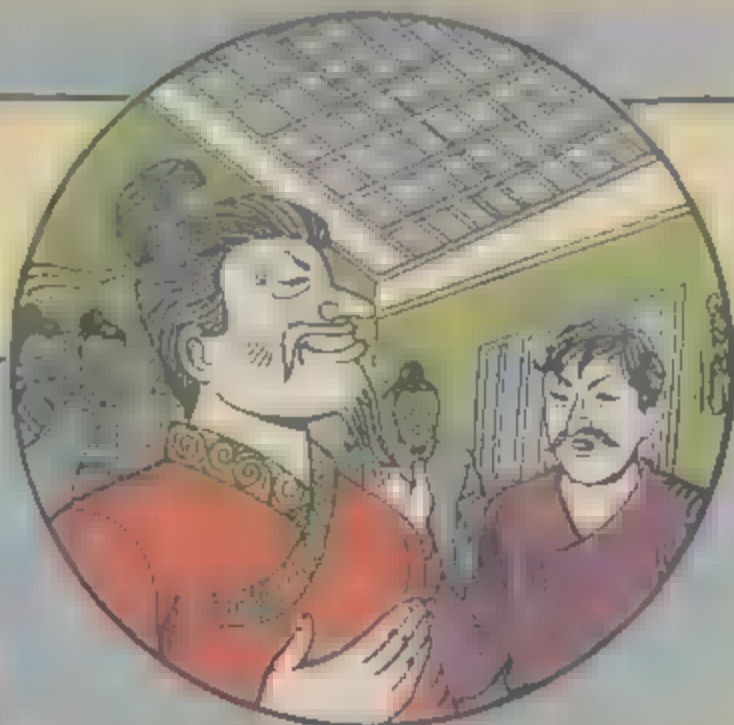
There was an old landlord in China who saw a young damsel and dreamt of taking her for his wife.



He took five noblemen with him and met her father and said, "Will you do me a favour?" "I will like to marry your daughter!"

"Awfully kind of you. Now, will you do me a favour?" asked the girl's father.

"Let these companions be the witnesses to my vow that I will grant you any desire of yours!" said the elated landlord.



"Good. My desire is, cancel your request immediately," said the girl's father. The landlord's face fell. He made a hasty retreat.

THE SULTAN'S CLEVERNESS

A Sultan was very fond of good food. Once he heard that a certain Nawab had in his employment a highly gifted cook named Habib. He sent one of his clerks to Habib and offered him a salary three times more than what the man was getting.

A year passed. The Nawab once visited the Sultan. As the host and the guest ate their lunch, the host asked, "How do you find these dishes?"

"They are prepared quite well, my lord," replied the Nawab.

The Sultan laughed. "They have to be very good. They are prepared by your favourite cook!" said the Sultan and he confessed to his having lured the Nawab's cook into his service.

The Nawab was surprised. "Is this his cooking? He should cook much better!" With the Sultan's permission next day the Nawab tiptoed towards the kitchen. To his amusement, he saw the cook relaxing and smoking a *hookah*. Two other men cooked on his behalf. Obviously, Habib had appointed them at a small salary.

The Nawab came back to the Sultan and told him everything. "My lord, had you told me that you need Habib, I would have transferred him to your household. But you tempted him with much higher salary. This is the result," he concluded.

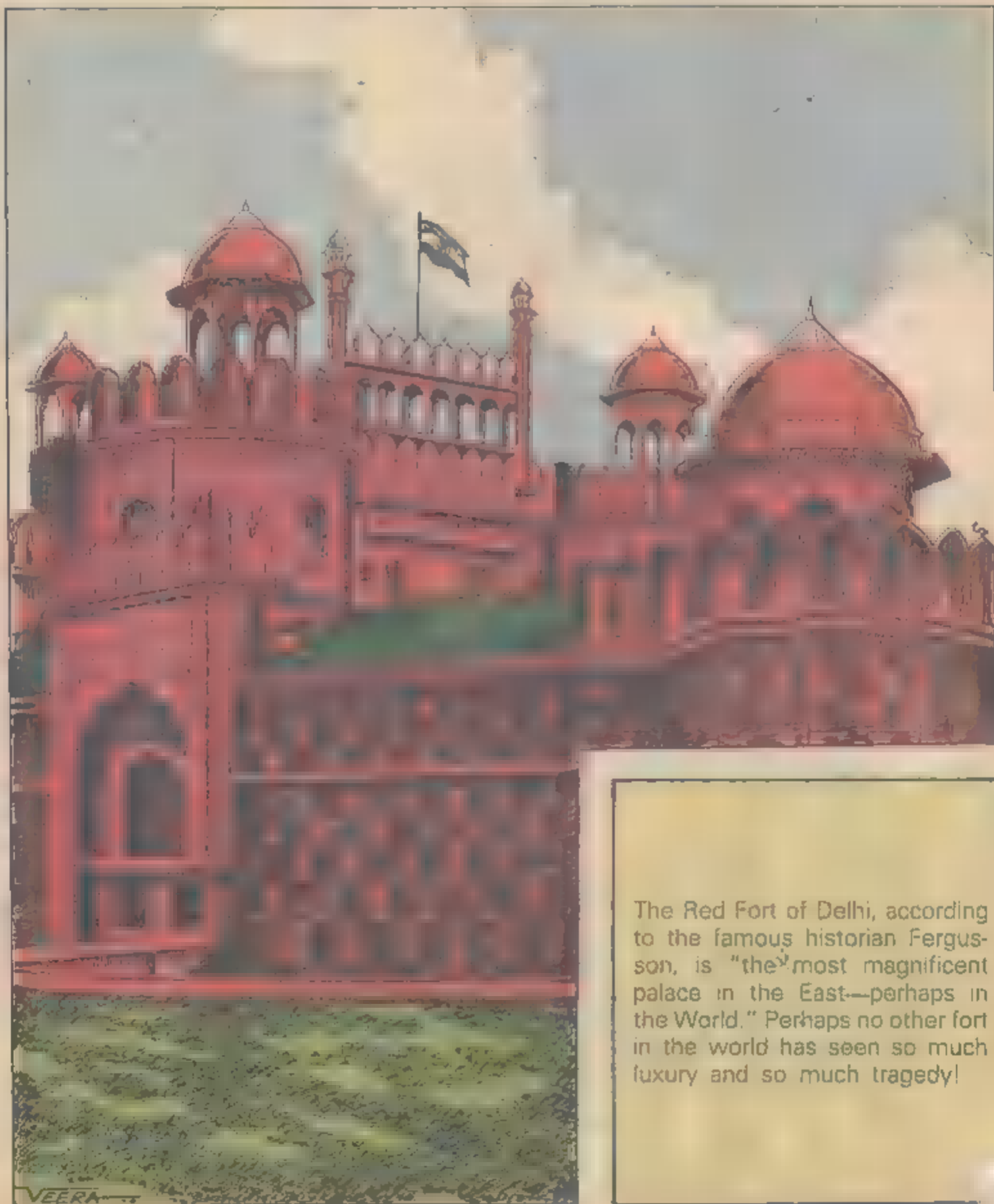
"That will serve no purpose. He will feel aggrieved and will not put forth his best in cooking," said the Nawab.

The Sultan sighed and said, "I did a blunder trying to be clever!"



MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE RED FORT

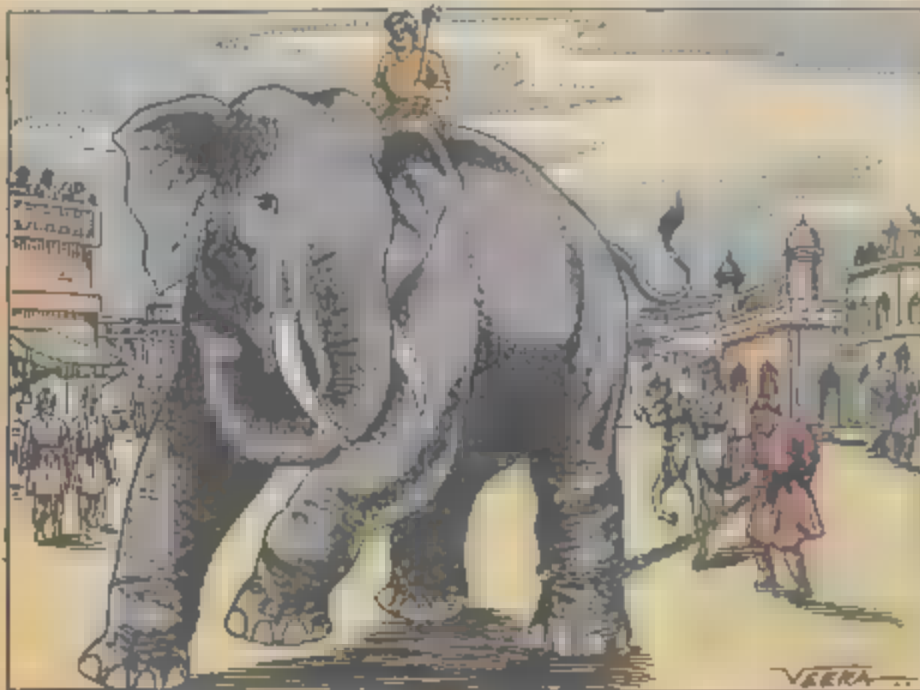


The Red Fort of Delhi, according to the famous historian Fergusson, is "the most magnificent palace in the East—perhaps in the World." Perhaps no other fort in the world has seen so much luxury and so much tragedy!



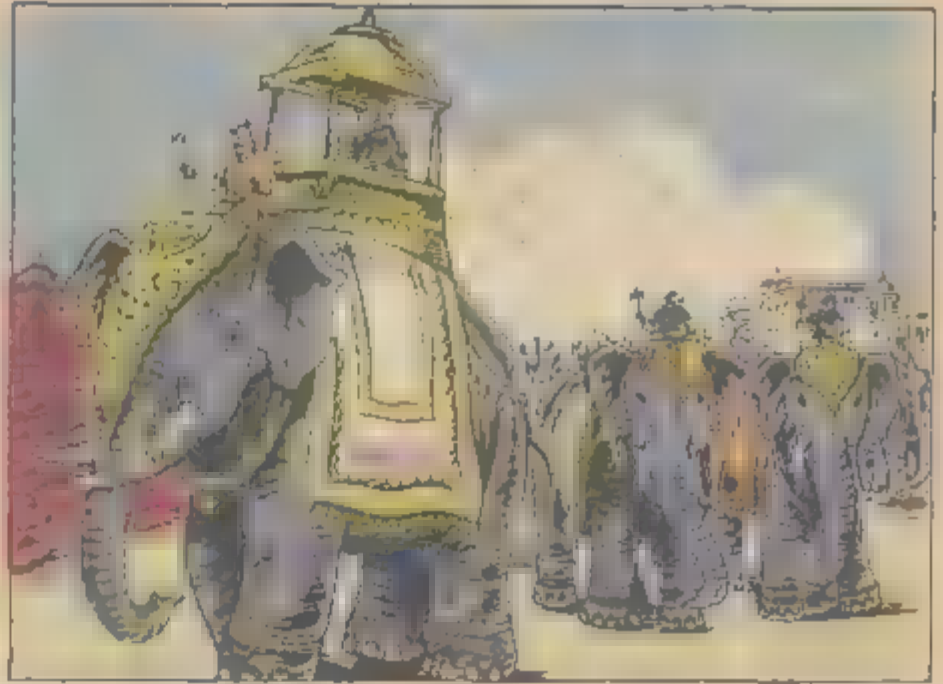
It was Emperor Shah Jahan, the great builder of monuments, who shifted his capital from Agra to Delhi and began constructing the fort in 1638. What was completed in ten years could have taken a much longer period for a lesser ruler

Many buildings inside the fort are gone—due to earthquake and vandalism by invaders. But the ones to be still seen are just magnificent. Among them is the imposing Lahore Gate facing the locality known as Chandni Chowk.



But the splendours of the fort, reflected in the legendary Peacock Throne and the world's costliest diamonds, did not last long. Shah Jahan fell sick and his terribly ambitious third son Aurangzeb chained his eldest brother, the heir-apparent Dara, and paraded him through the streets before killing him.

With Aurangzeb began the decline of the Mughal dynasty. Taking advantage of the situation, the Persian King Nadir Shah invaded Delhi in 1739. He straight rode into the Red Fort in a procession of a hundred elephants and occupied the palace of the emperor Mohammad Shah.



That evening Nadir's soldiers tried to loot some shops and the shop-keepers resisted and killed them. Next morning Nadir ordered his soldiers to massacre all men, women and children of Delhi. Twenty thousand people were killed, many women committed suicide, many more were taken as slaves.

Nadir Shah left with booty which no other invader could have got from any country. But the Red Fort continued to be plagued by more and more invaders. In 1788 the Rohillas seized Delhi and their leader Ghulam Qadir himself blinded Emperor Shah Alam because the Red Fort yielded more wealth.





In 1857 took place the great Indian Mutiny. The rebel soldiers gathered before the Red Fort and sought the goodwill of the last Mughal Emperor, Bahadur Shah Zafar, for their fight against the British. The old emperor lent his support to them. The Mutiny failed and he was tried in Red Fort and deported to Burma.

In 1945 the Red Fort witnessed the trial of the Indian National Army founded by Subhas Chandra Bose. Illustrious Indian leaders like Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel, Asaf Ali, Tej Bahadur Sapru and Bulabhai Desai who were lawyers, appeared in defence of the accused. The three army generals were convicted, but the conviction was not carried out.



On 15 August 1947 India became independent. Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister, unfurled the national flag on the ramparts of the Red Fort. Thus, the historic Red Fort assumed a new significance because of its association with the freedom and sovereignty of the nation.



The King was looking vacantly into the street, standing on his balcony. It was a hot summer noon. Not a soul was to be seen on the road.

Suddenly the King heard someone singing and whistling merrily. He looked following the sound and saw a young man jumping and going forward, heedless of the sun or the hot earth under his feet.

"This chap looks so poor. But he seems so happy! What makes him so?" wondered the King. He ordered a sentry to bring the young man to him.

The young man was ushered into his presence.

"What makes you so happy that you are not mindful of the heat at all and are frolicking along the road?" the King asked.

The young man replied, "My

Lord! I got married only a month ago. But my wife and I cannot live together ■ we are poor and both of us have to work for earning our living. My wife lives in a hut near the southern gate. I live near the northern gate. Today was a holiday for us and I went to see my wife. We decided to spend our evening at the carnival which is taking place near the southern gate. I have a saving of two paise, hidden in a crack on the wall near the northern gate. My wife too has a similar amount hidden in the southern gate. I ■■ going to fetch my saving so that we can spend the whole amount together, eating and buying things."

"Young man, the northern gate is far away. It will take you ■ long time to reach the gate. Then to go back to your wife at

the southern gate will take nearly two hours even at this speed. I will give you two paise. Go back to the southern gate," proposed the kind-hearted King.

"Thank you, My Lord, I will accept your charity," said the young man. The King gave him the money and the young man took leave of him. But from the balcony the King saw that he was again heading towards the north.

He sent his sentry and the young man was brought back. "Why were you going northward?" asked the King.

"My Lord, I never said that I

will not go to recover my saving!" answered the young man.

"Forget all about your saving. I will give you half a rupee," said the King who was known for his adamant character.

"Thanks, My Lord, I will accept your charity, but I will not forgo my saving!" said the young man.

"What if I give you a rupee?"

"I will gladly accept it, but why should I forgo my own saving?"

Between the two the dialogue went on. The whimsical King raised his offer from one rupee to ten rupees, then to a hundred and then to a thousand rupees.



He saw dark when the young man was still not prepared to forgo his saving.

"All right. I will forthwith give you half of this city. Will you now go back to your wife?" asked the exasperated King.

"Very well, My Lord, but I must decide which half of the city I shall take," said the young man.

"All right. Decide it immediately," said the King who was growing impatient.

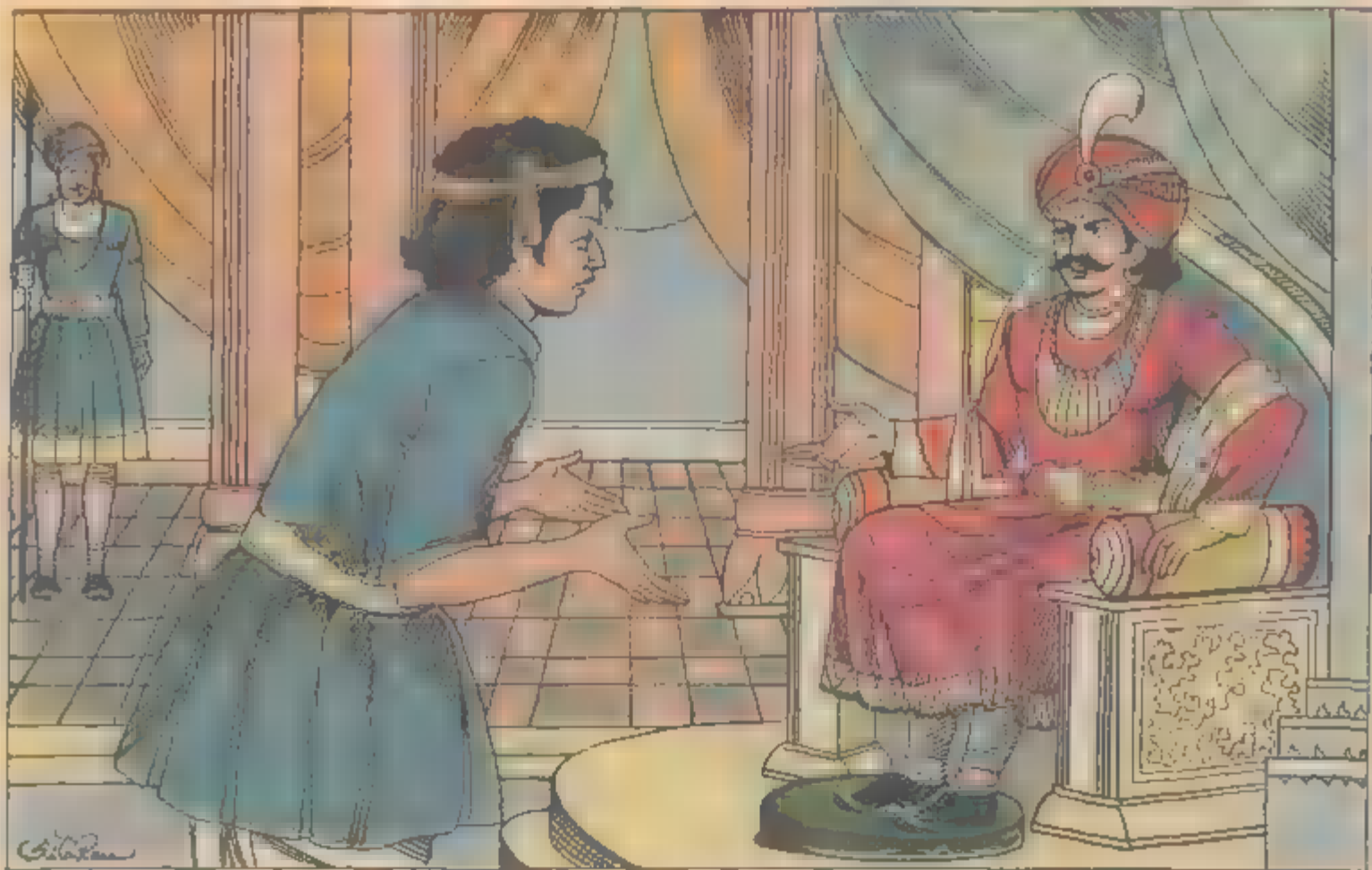
"Give me the northern half of the city, My Lord," said the young man.

The King cried out his joy.

He was now sure that he had succeeded in making the young man forgo his puny saving. He felt like winning a victory in battle!

Instantly the King made a will to the same effect. It is only after he had made the young man the owner over half of the city that he realised why the young man had chosen the northern half! His two paise lay hidden in the northern wall!

The King was no longer sure whether it was he who was victorious or it was the young man who was victorious. The obstinate King had at last met his match!



STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF MANGOES

Ravi sat by the side of the landlord during a feast thrown by the village merchant. It was the season for mangoes and the host had arranged for the best quality mangoes to be served to the guests, one each.

While eating, the stone of Ravi's mango slipped off his hand and fell on the landlord's banana leaf. Ravi got scared, because the landlord was a proud man and he might take offence. However, the landlord was looking in another direction.

After a while the landlord looked at Ravi's leaf. The nervous Ravi said, "Strange, my mango had no stone in it!"

"Is that so?" asked the landlord. And he saw two stones on his own leaf.

"Look here," he said excitedly. "My mango had two stones in it! Strange are the ways of the mangoes!"

The landlord had got something exciting to talk about. For years he went on with this story!





QUARRELLING WITH THE CHANDRAWATI

One day the young King of Bhimpur ■ returning to his palace after a stroll in the town. While passing by the house of Pundit Somadev, he suddenly called on him.

It was ■ courtesy call, for Somadev was a great scholar.

While the King talked to Somadev, the minister looked at the scholar's daughter, Chandrawati, again and again. She was extremely beautiful.

"What about your daughter's marriage?" the King asked Somadev.

"My Lord, her marriage has been fixed with ■ young nobleman of the court, Jaidev," replied the scholar.

"I'm happy. Jaidev is a fine young man," said the King.

That same evening a private messenger from the minister met Chandrawati. "I will like to

marry you. Hope, you'll agree to this," read the minister's letter.

Chandrawati explained to the messenger that it ■ not possible for her to accept the proposal, for she was betrothed to Jaidev.

Next morning the minister's messenger met Chandrawati again. This time the minister had sent a strong warning. His letter read, "It is foolish to quarrel with ■ crocodile while living in the waters. Similarly, it is foolish on your part to refuse my proposal while you live in this kingdom!"

Chandrawati still refused the proposal. She knew that the minister was a cruel man. He had married several times and was still on the lookout for girls. But he was so powerful and clever that even the King feared

him.

The same day Jaidev was sent on ■ mission to the frontier. Next day news reached the town that he had been killed by bandits.

Chandrawati knew what could have happened, but she did not cry. Next day the minister himself accosted Chandrawati with his proposal. Said Chandrawati, "Even though I was not married to Jaidev, I was betrothed to him. I must wait for a year."

"Ha, ha, now you realise how dangerous it is to quarrel with the crocodile while living in the waters," said the minister.

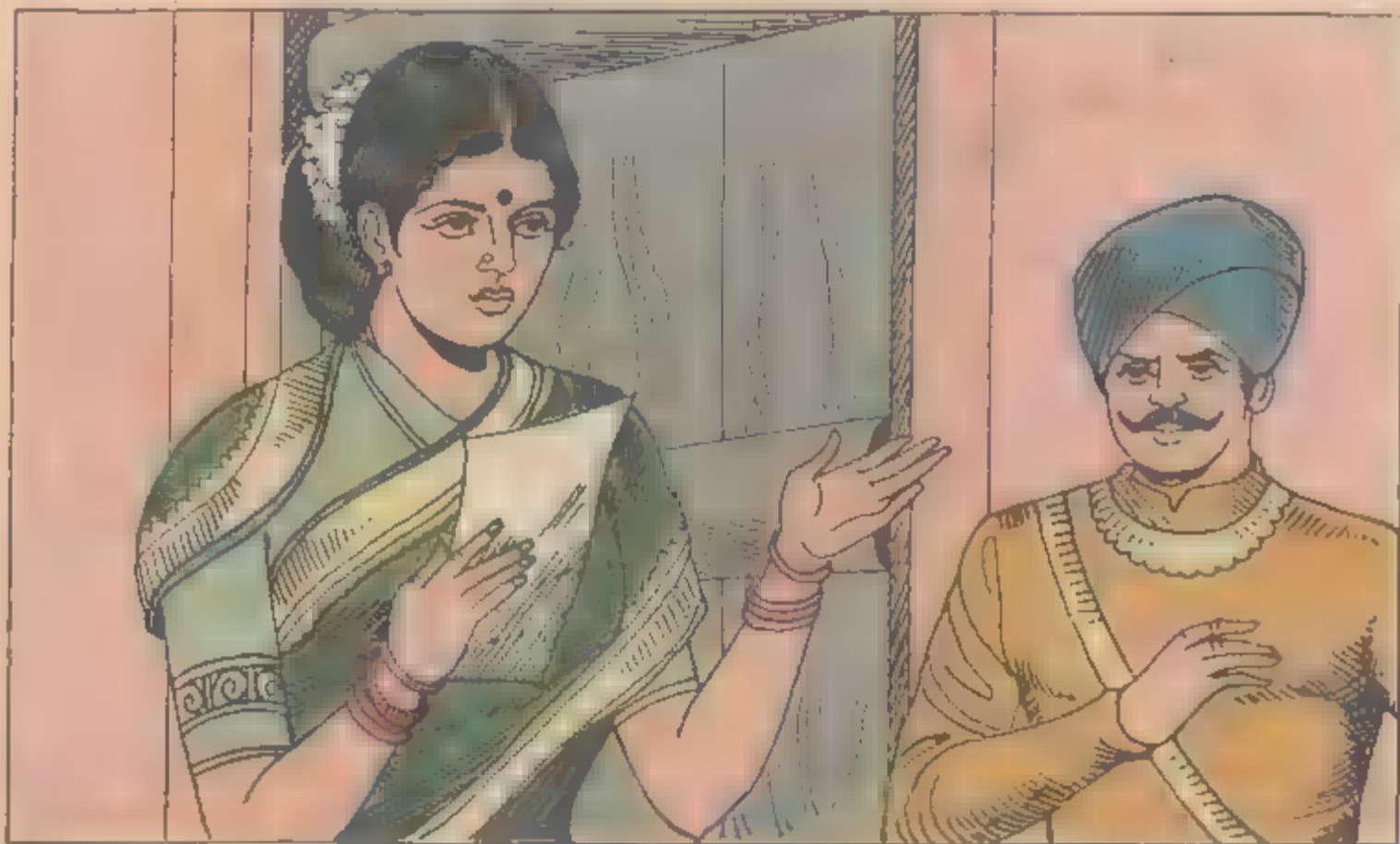
"Yes, I do. Meet me after a year." said Chandrawati.

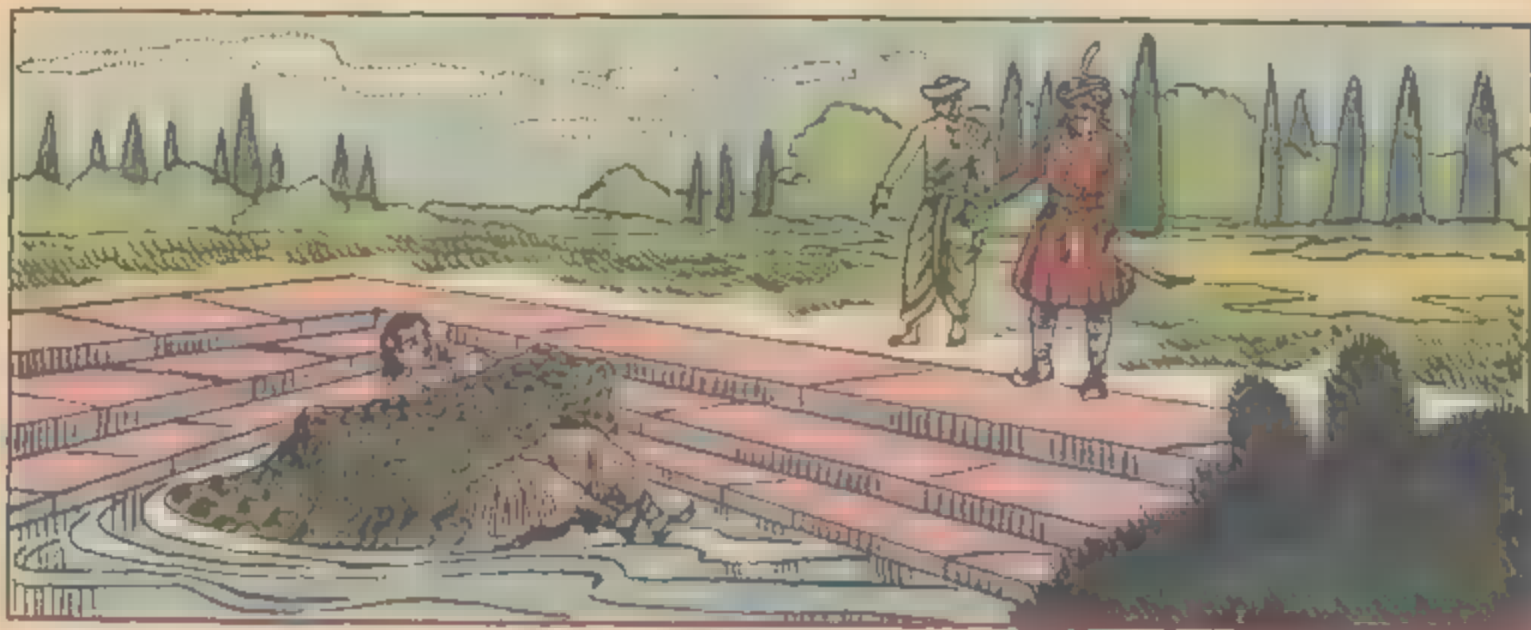
A year passed. The impatient minister sent word to Chandrawati to agree to marry him. During the year Chandrawati was leading the life of ■ ascetic, doing some strange rites at night.

"Ask the minister to meet me near the King's swimming pool at night," said Chandrawati.

The minister came. Chandrawati was waiting for him. The minister laughed and advanced towards her.

"That proverb you used to quote—that it is foolish to quarrel with a crocodile while living





in the waters impressed me very much. I am reminded of it while looking at this stone crocodile. It is so fearfully living! Can you touch it?" asked Chandrawati.

"Why! This is mere stone! I can stand on it!" said the minister and he hopped onto the crocodile's head. The crocodile moved its head. The minister fell into the water. The crocodile caught him between its jaws.

Chandrawati straight went to her father and asked him to inform about the happening to the King. The King and

Somadev rushed to the pool. The minister was still alive, but struck dumb. The crocodile released him, but the fellow had gone mad out of shock. The crocodile once again turned into the stone figure it was. The minister died after some months.

Chandrawati lived the rest of her life in a hermitage. People say that she had practised some rites and had learnt how to breathe life for a while into the figure of any beast. Only once in her life she applied her power to avenge the murder of Jaidev.

THE DEFINITION OF NEWS

When dog bites man it is no news, but when man bites dog, it is. Ms Nataalka who had led her dog to a London dog show bit its ear when it disobeyed her. She, of course, says that she only yelled rude things in the dog's ear in Turkish!



A COMPARISON

Gopalsen, the jester in the court of Rajpur carried some message of his King to the King of Loypuri.

The King of Loypuri was a jolly man who spent his time and resources in hunting, feasting and other kinds of merrymaking. Gopalsen stayed in his court for a week and amused him with his jokes and wit.

"I will pay you twice more than what you get. Stay on in my court," proposed the King of Loypuri.

"No, my Lord, I have to return to my King," said Gopalsen humbly.

"What is the charm of your King? Am I not greater than he?" demanded the King of Loypuri.

"My Lord, how can there be any comparison between you two? You are like the moon in the full-moon night. My King is like the moon on the first night of the lunar fortnight," said the jester. The happy host gave the jester a fat reward.

"How do you justify your comparison?" the King of Rajpur asked his jester when he was back.

"My Lord, I found that the King of Loypuri is wasting his time and wealth. Like a full-moon which begins to wane, he will begin to decline. So far as you are concerned, you will begin to prosper like..."

"I understand," said the smiling King.



"ALL THAT GLISTERS IS NOT GOLD"!

"Grandpa, Uncle Rao seems to have found ■ gold-mine! How wonderful! Auntie Malati will change even her kitchen utensils into gold, I'm sure!" exclaimed Reena.

"Who said that?" asked Professor Chowdhury.

"Here is ■ letter from our cousin, Ramesh. He says that when Uncle Rao bought the land close to the bazar, little did he know that he will find a gold-mine!"

"I know about that transac-

tion. The land has proved very profitable to him. What Ramesh means is, Rao has found a source of great profit. That is *gold-mine* in the figurative sense. So, you see my child, *all that glisters is not gold!* In American English ■ *gold brick* means a case of swindling. One in gold-bricking means one is evading one's duty or idling," said Grandpa.

"What is *Golden Rule*, Grandpa?" asked Rajesh.

That great phrase means, 'Do



as you would be done by'. Experience shows that the consequences of our actions never fail to return to us. If I am deceiving somebody, some day someone is going to deceive me; if I am kind to one, - perhaps more than one will be kind to me. My advice to you, dear Reena and Rajesh, is always observe the Golden Rule, but never go for ■ Golden shower!"

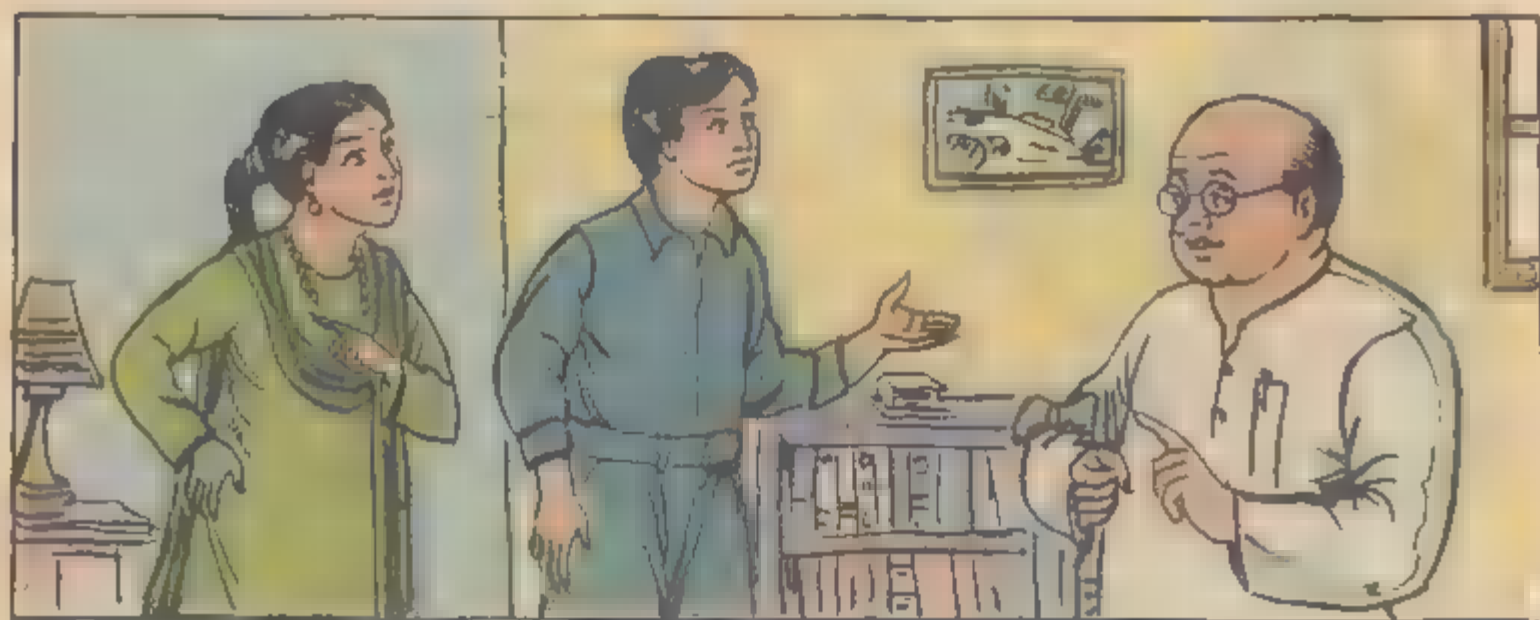
"What do you mean, Grandpa?" asked Reena and Rajesh.

"Golden shower means a bribe." But most of the phrases with gold signify something good. For example, ■ *golden boy* or a *golden girl* means ■ young man or woman with remarkable talent. A *Golden Age* is a time of prosperity and peace. For example, the reign of Queen Elizabeth I in the 16th

century was the Golden Age of England. Of course, there are phrases which can be used to imply irony."

"For example?"

"*Golden goose*, for example. It refers to the story in which the owner of a goose which laid a golden egg ■ day killed it to dig all the eggs out of it. So, while the golden goose means a source of profit, to kill the golden goose means to spoil the source out of greed. Similarly, *All he touches turns to gold* may mean all one does succeed, but it may, in a certain context, also mean that the success is of doubtful value. It is because it reminds us of King Midas who had received the boon to turn everything he touches to gold, ultimately changing his sweet little daughter into gold!"



CHANDU SHOWS HIS COMMON SENSE

Bhishma Sharma, the great astrologer and occultist, had many worthy disciples. One by one they completed their studies with their master and went away to earn a living.

But the master never let Chandu go anywhere. "Chandu is a good young man, but he has no common sense. Without common sense no amount of learning is of any value," the master told others in confidence.

But a time came when Chandu insisted on going out and proving his worth. How long can the master check him? Bhishma Sharma at last said, "Do what you please!"

Chandu straight went to the King. "My Lord, I can solve any mystery!" he claimed.

The King had just caught a mosquito and it was in his grip. He asked, "Tell me, what is in my grip?"

Chandu made some calculations according to the secret lessons he had learnt and said, "You have some creature that can fly!"

"Fine. Go ahead!" said the King.

"It is brown in colour!" said Chandu.

"Fine, fine. Go ahead!"

"It can pierce human skin!"

"Excellent. Go ahead!"

Chandu now applied his common sense. The King cannot hold any insignificant creature. It must be something befitting his status.

"A vulture is in your grip, my Lord!" said Chandu.



BHRIGU

Bhrigu, the son of Brahma, was a great Rishi. Once the other Rishis asked him who among the three great Gods could never be provoked to anger.

Bhrigu at first tried the patience of Brahma and Shiva by showing them disrespect. Both the great Gods showed signs of annoyance. Then Bhrigu went to see Vishnu. Vishnu, at that time, lay asleep. "How do you dare to go to sleep neglecting your duty which is to sustain the universe?" he cried out and planted a kick on Vishnu's chest.

Vishnu sat up. "Did you hurt your foot in the process of kicking me?" was Vishnu's immediate solicitous inquiry of his guest. Not only that, he permanently bore the imprint of Bhrigu's foot on his chest. This imprint is known as Shrivatsa—the symbol of Vishnu's complete, and unalterable love for a devotee.

Vishnu's gesture remains the supreme example of humility.





LET US KNOW

What is the full term for SAARC, a meeting of which took place in Bangalore recently? When was this formed and by whom?

—Vimal Arya,
Delhi

South Asian Association for Regional Co-operation. The association was formed with India, Maldives, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Bhutan and Nepal as members.

The association came into being in December 1985, at Dhaka.

Like *Earthquake*, is there any term for *Moonquake*?

—B.C. Subramanyam,
Madurai

Yes. Seismometers deposited by the Apollo spacecrafts record moonquakes. They mostly take place when the moon is closer to the earth. It seems the earth's gravitational pull disturbs the rocks in the moon. There are of course other reasons for the moonquake like the impact of meteors on the moon.

When was plastic invented?

—Rita Dey,
Calcutta

Celluloid was the original kind of plastic (now used to make billiard balls) and this was invented in 1868.

What are the real names of Saki, O. Henry, Maxim Gorky and George Eliot?

—Suman Thappar,
Agra

Hector Hugo Munro, William Sydney Porter, Alexi Pyeshkov, and Mary Ann Evans.

Amul

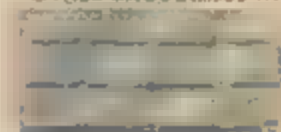
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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people.
—Samuel Johnson

No one will go to heaven who has not received heaven into his own heart.
—Swedenborg

Some men's heads are as easily blown away as their hats.
—Anonymous





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Just when life was beginning to be fun...pimples came and spoiled it all

I was all set for the big day—my School Annual Function. Rehearsing the solo that I was to sing for the Talent Contest. Everything I thought ~~was~~ going well and...suddenly I noticed pimples coming up on my face. Oh no...I thought...not now, just when life was beginning to be fun. I'd hate to be up on stage looking like that.

At that moment my friend came over. She said, 'You don't have to worry. Just use Clearasil. I've used it too. You know Clearasil clears pimples. And it

even prevents them from spreading.' I did just that...and believe me, it worked!

The applause was deafening as I received the award and I silently thanked Clearasil for giving me this—the most beautiful moment of my life.

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